National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment—Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Selections.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

INSOLENCE OF NIGGERISM.

The disgraceful scenes that have occurred at the Tabernacle, the Society Library Room, and Shiloh Chapel, during the week, have enabled our neighbors in other cities to revive the odious comments that were heaped upon us at the time of the bloody emeute at the Astor Place. Right heartily do they inveigh against our disregard of freedom of speech and the inefficiency of our police force, although they cannot point to an act of violence in any of the exaggerated reports of the exaggerating penny-a-liners of the daily press.

We regret deeply the confusion that has occurred at the Anti-Slavery meetings, yet we cannot well imagine how it could be otherwise. A set of illiberal, impious blasphemers, enemies to the laws of God, and open opponents of the Constitution of our country, assemble and invite discussion and contention, by their violent and unendurable abuse of the Father of our Country, and all who hitherto did not, or now do not agree with them in regard to a particular subject. In open day and in public meeting, these fanatics accuse the best men in the land of crimes that are as black as the race they affect to serve; declare our Constitution a lie, and announce their intention to trample it under their feet: preach *disunion*, and nothing else but disunion unless the people of the Republic yield to their fanatical demands. Can any one wonder that the children of the Republic resent such audacious assaults upon the country of their birth? Can anyone be so silly as to suppose that the descendants of the men of Lexington, and the Tea Party, the followers of Washington and Hancock, will hear such treasonable language and sit silent under it?

We are opposed to mob violence in any and every form. The supremacy of the law should—*must* be sustained at all hazards. It will never do in this free land to suppress the freedom of speech, when that freedom does not amount to an unexcusable encroachment upon rights and a violation of principles that are as sacred as God's sanctuary. But the Abolition faction, which has been the cause of the disturbances at the Tabernacle and elsewhere during the past week, have, in our opinion, violated every law, human and divine, every sense of morality and decency. They came here to court oppposition—persecution, they call it. They came here to provoke violence and create disorder. They know that their fanatical proceedings only serve to rivet the chains of Slavery closer and stronger, and they know that they can only make proselytes by appealing to the sympathies of the weak-brained, after having received the chastisement which they impudently invoked.

There is not one of these black and white agitators who is foolish enough to think that they can peaceably procure the abolition of Slavery in the South; the bolder of them declare that the idea is preposterous. Anarchy and disunion is their object, and they would affect to think that the great mass of the people of the United States will submit patiently and silently to their insulting demands. They came here for the purpose of raising a row, and they have succeeded, in some measure Men (who would have done better had they remained away) could not sit quietly and hear the negro Douglass, and the meaner niggers, Burleigh, Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, call Washington and Taylor manstealers, and declare that they would trample the Constitution of the country under their feet. We were present at the Society Library on Wednesday, and the blood curdled around our heart when Phillips made the infamous declaration. He was silenced by the voices of the tumultuous crowd who had assembled to hear what was to be said, but there was no act of violence. The crowd was good natured, but very noisy, and in some instances vulgar things were said by the rougher fellows that made the blushes come even in the cheeks of the white women who were sitting side by side with black men. But you cannot dictate etiquette to the mob, nor to the Abolitionists either.

It would be difficult to say which party acted most disgracefully on this occasion. The agitators, like miserable cowards, had filled the parquet with females, whose presence they knew would protect them. These misguided women sat side by side with negroes, and when the crowd increased and forced its way down the aisles, remained in their seats, while their man-leaders shrunk back to the corners behind the rostrum. We found ourselves at one time beside two delicate looking women, jammed in a crowd of a hundred noisy men and boys. As the mob swayed to and fro they were pushed and squeezed about in a manner we fancy our sisters would not care to be.

"I want to get down in the parquet," said one—a very sweet-looking spinster of twenty-five.

"It is impossible," said we. "The parquet is full, and the crowd in front is too dense for a lady to get through it."

"She wants to get along side of that nigger, Douglass," called out a big boy in a green baize wamus; and then a big yell arose.

"You will find this a very unpleasant place for ladies," said we, at the same time offering to assist the woman out of the crowd to the door.

"*That's my business!*" exclaimed the dear creature; and we pocketed our gallantry and sloped.

There were thousands of incidents that have not been chronicled in the daily press, which might be thrown in to make a column, but our readers must already have had a surfeit of niggers and niggerology. The Hutchinsons came in, and pretty little Abby shook hands and chatted with Douglass and the other niggers. We could not help wondering if she would smile as sweetly on a white man as she did on the greasy blacks, whose hair took numerous new kinks out of the compliment. Abby Kelley and Lucretia Mott were flanked on either side by a male negro, and Burleigh, the hairy, went and sat beside a very light-colored wench who looked remarkably like him, and was many years his junior. The whole affair was disgusting in the extreme, and it is to us a matter of wonder that the noisy and inconsiderate crowd allowed the amalgamationists to remain in the house and outrage decency as they did. If these delicate-looking females find gratification in consorting with burly, greasy, black men, we must allow them their right to their likes, but they have no right to insult society by such wanton and infamous displays in public. There should be laws to prevent such outrageous spectacles. The welfare of society and the public safety demand it. The Constitution of the country is violated by these infamous rebellionists, and yet the dispensers of the law, and guardians of the public peace do not interfere to protect it. Can they expect that these sins of omission will not be followed by the commission of counter outrages?

We contend that meetings, such as the Abolitionists have held the past week in this city, are in violation of the Constitution, and as such ought to be suppressed by the authorities. They are treasonable; avowedly so, and those who, by violating the law get them up, have no right to protection from the law. A man who openly advocates the destruction of the republic is not fit to live in it—would not live in it, were he not a villain; and the government should provide hempen travelling carriages for such vipers.

Mobs cannot be justified in a land like ours; whether they are raised by factionists or individuals. The persons and property of our citizens must be sacred—and so must be the Constitution of the country. We deprecate the rowdyism that has been exhibited at these meetings, but we deprecate still more the infamous conduct of the white amalgamationists, who not only outrage decency but law. We trust such another exhibition will never again be given in New York.—*Sunday Courier.*

THE ABOLITION ANNIVERSARY.

Since the great Abolition riots in 1834, when the Laight street church was attacked and seriously injured, and the furniture of Mr. Tappan was destroyed, the Anti-Slavery convention has been held annually in this city in a very quiet manner, with the same object, the same speakers, the same audience; and the same benevolent designs have been avowed and spread before the people with about the same effect for the last sixteen years, we never having heard in that time that the least progress had been successfully made in the declared intentions of the society, viz: either to emancipate the slaves or to divide the Union. The great secret could be summed up and detailed in a single line—$7,719 received and $7,408 expended. As long as the wire-pullers could obtain that sum to expend among themselves, they kept up the excitement and the humbug, and the public was willing to allow them to do so quietly. All that was expected were a few flaming speeches about the evils of Slavery, and a few determined resolutions that it should be put down; but as long as the scene-shifters could pigeon the community out of $7,000 per annum, Slavery might exist until doomsday without any labor of love on their part beyond a few speeches and a division of the spoils. Accordingly, it was deemed good policy to leave them alone, for any disturbance only gave them consequence, and placed them before the world as holy martyrs. True, such conventions and such objects are disgraceful to the country. That a dozen Mawworms, stereotyped in iniquity and fraud, having a few tutored negroes in their train, should dare to announce any public meeting to be held avowedly to emancipate all the slaves in the Union and to break down and dismember the republic, was sufficient to arouse public indignation at the audacious resolution of the fanatics to keep their incendiary torche slighted in the face of so much political trouble as had been created in the country. This led to an interruption of their proceedings at the Tabernacle on Tuesday and Wednesday last by Captain Rynders and his friends, without being accompanied by any personal acts of violence or disturbance of the peace beyond personal altercations between the parties.

It should be stated that in the various meetings held by the Anti-Slavery conventions in this city, at the general yearly meetings, which have always been crowded, only a few scattering colored people attended. They have never had confidence in the integrity of this association, or any belief that their designs went beyond collecting and spending money for their own purposes. Consequently, the colored persons had no agency in the fierce encounter of words between Captain Rynders and the Garrison party at the Tabernacle meeting. The white cravats, the sloping eyelids, the old women and superannuated maids, and other Mawworm disciples, were the only ones who were shocked at the noisy demonstrations made on the occasion. It is usual to make these Anti-Slavery meetings rather a pleasant assemblage. The *dramatist personæ* contrive to keep their hearers in a good humor, to throw off some good jokes or perpetrate some fair puns, to relate many anecdotes of the escape of slaves in boxes and the amusing consternation of their masters; and after a little singing, an interlude of prayer, and pathetic sympathies to make a demonstration on the pockets of their audience for another year's expenses, the whole affair ended. Captain Rynders entered into a philosophical argument with that saucy negro, Fred. Douglass, who, having been perfect in his part, had rather the best of the argument. Douglass has been studying in the Van Buren school of late, and possesses a considerable share of the cunning of his instructor. Besides, as a half-breed, he possesses a fair share of his father's cleverness, whoever his father might have been. We must not, however, underratethe intellect or the powers of cultivation the colored people. They are no doubt a distinct race, and were intended to be so, but their capacity for instruction is full as good, generally speaking, as that of the whites; and in comparison with the fanatics pretending to espouse their cause, they are far their superior, and exhibit great good sense in abstaining from any connection with these meetings.

Vexatious, impertinent, and annoying as these assemblages are, it is best to take no notice of them. Let them hold their meetings, pass their resolutions, and then go home and count how much money was in the house and divide the spoils, for that is the head and front of these conventions. Still, we warn them of the cousequences hereafter. With all our attachment to law and order, there must be a limit to national provocations and insults. If we are willing to go to war with foreign powers for insults to the government and people of our country, how can we be required to tolerate those insults at home? It is truly painful and mortifying for an American who is proud of his country to stand by and hear a negro, hired to abuse us, pronouncing our constitution a humbug, Washington a heartless slave-driver, and demanding forthwith the repeal of the Union. We say to these people, "the bow is bent—make from the shaft."—*Sunday Times.*

FREEDOM OF SPEECH *vs.* ROWDYISM.

We rejoice at the all but universal reprehension bestowed by the press and people of our city on the ruffians who broke up the late public meetings of the ultra-Abolitionists in our midst, demonstrating their devotion to the Constitution, the Church! and the Union, by robbing strangers of the use of halls which they had duly hired and paid for, stifling the expression of honestly entertained opinions, and driving women from their seats by gross insults and lewd badinage, such as none but the basest and most depraved miscreants indulge in.

In a new candidate for public favor—*The People's Weekly Journal*, just started by Michael Doheny and Joseph Brennan as Editors, (R. Walsh, publisher, 128 Nassau-st.) we find other views of the rights and immunities of Speech set forth. The editors say of themselves and their purpose:

"We understand the principles of Democracy as well as any, and better than most of those who object to us. And if it were otherwise we aspire to make no new Democracy, but to inculcate and maintain that which we find established, to give it vitality in the hearts of our hearers, to elevate it above the jugglery of a faction, to vindicate it against the open and covert attacks of its foes, to make it racy of the new comer's sentiment and soul. This shall be our pride; it is our purpose; and to the task we deem ourselves fully adequate."

—We like Irish modesty—it is our own sort—but Irish ideas of Liberty are not always so thorough and consistent as we could wish them. To hate and resist the particular form of Oppression to which we have been exposed, by which we have suffered, is so natural and easy that we see little merit in it: to loathe and defy *all* Tyranny evermore is what few severe sufferers by oppression ever attain to. Ages of Slavery write their impress on the souls of the victims—we must not blame them, therefore, but cannot stifle our consciousness nor suppress our sorrow. It is sad to see how readily the great mass of our Irish-born citizens, themselves just escaped from a galling, degrading bondage, lend themselves to the iniquity of depressing and flouting the down-trodden African race among us—it was specially sad to see them come up to the polls in squads, when our present State Constitution was adopted, and vote in solid mass against Equal Suffrage to all Citizens, shouting, "down with the Nagurs! Let them go back to Africa, *where they belong!*"—for such was the language of adopted citizens of one or two year's standing with regard to men born here, with their ancestors before them for several generations. We learn to hate despotism and enslavement more intensely when we are thus confronted by their ineffaceable impress on the souls of too many of their victims.

—The "People's Journal" thus palliates the crime against freedom of speech of the Rynders banditti on Tuesday and Wednesday last:

"Liberty of Speech does not mean a license for blasphemy, nor is violence done to a public meeting more mischievous or infamous than the violation of decency, morality and religion, and brutal insults to the presence and feelings of womanhood, offered by the orators of Anti-Slavery. These were the first to outrage the conventionality of the meetings called by themselves; and they were allowed to proceed until their offensiveness stunk in the nostrils of men, so as to become intolerable."

"Blasphemy" has been a favorite accusation against the apostles of Reform and Equal Rights from the days of the Saviour at least, and probably ever since man enslaved and oppressed his brethren. But mere accusation proves nothing and he who accuses an unpopular minority of "the violation of decency, morality and religion, and brutal insults to the presence and feelings of womanhood," without adducing a particle of evidence, seems to us to take a cowardly advantage of his hold on public prejudice. Some of the language used by the Abolition speakers did not accord with our ideas of justice, policy or good taste—indeed, a part of their time was devoted to a savage criticism on *our* course—but the above charges are not true, and if true should have been proved so by authenticated citations; and if ever so bad, the utterers were responsible to the authorities and the laws, and not at all to Capt. Rynders and the Empire Club. He who will in any case admit the right of a mob to try, condemn and punish their adversaries as guilty of blasphemy, immorality, irreligion, &c., in their public reprehension of a great social wrong, is, in effect an enemy of Human Liberty, no matter what he may fancy himself.

—We have received, among others, the following letters in relation to the Rynders Riots:

To the Editor of The Tribune:

"The papers of to-day generally contain a statement that the Chief of Police was prevented *by Garrison himself* from turning the gang of brawlers headed by Rynders into the street. This is a lie. After the city has been disgraced, the magistrates begin to understand that the public will not suffer their scandalous dereliction of duty in this matter. Garrison said to Matsell, "We do not wish to turn anybody out of our meetings *Let those people keep order and we have no objection to their staying; and if they can answer us we will hear them.*" The President of the Abolition Society was in rather a delicate position: exposed to the danger of being accused of shunning the very discussion he professed to demand. But the story as related by the authority of Matsell and the Mayor, a hundred witnesses who were near enough to the stand to hear all the proceedings perfectly, will readily swear is *false*, and they will strip from the officers every vestige of excuse for this outrageous disregard of duty. I am not an Abolitionist, nor have I the least sympathy with Garrison and his associates; but I am a lover of law and order, and anxious for their vindication, even in such a case as this.

A CITIZEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND A SLAVEHOLDER.

"New York, Friday, May, 10.

"*Mr. Greeley:*—As an eye-witness to the attempt of the authorities to preserve peace at the Tabernacle on Tuesday, I wish to make a few statements.

"Almost immediately after Captain Rynders first rushed upon the platform, officer Leonard (one of the Chief's special aids) was there, and though there were sundry inquiries for an officer, he did not make himself known to the officers of the meeting, nor attempt to quiet Capt. Rynders.

"Shortly after, Chief Matsell appeared; while there, the Hutchinsons attempted to sing, whereupon Capt. Rynders marched over toward their side of the house, and, shaking his fist at them, cried out. "You long-haired Abolitionist, if you don't stop singing, I'll come up there and bring you down." Mr. Matsell heard *that*, or he is, or was then, deaf; but he said nothing to Capt. Rynders.

"When one of Rynders's friends cried out while Douglass was speaking, '*Cap*, hit him in the eye and bung him up,' no attempt was made to discover or arrest him. Again, at the meeting on Tuesday evening, after the Police had restored order by remonstrance with, or removal of, some of the disorderly, the two or three Policemen present, advanced to about the centre of the room, and turned their backs on those who were creating the disturbance. After the meeting was broken up, one of the Policemen gravely told some folks who inquired why order could not be preserved, that it was a political meeting, and, alluding to a Mrs. Rose, (I believe) who had attempted to speak, that a woman had no *right* to speak at such a place.

HENRY W. SMITH, 115 Amos-st.

—*Tribune.*

THE EXODUS OF GARRISONISM.

Our city in the course of the present week has been doubly disgraced; first in being invaded by a gang of shameless men and women, who came here under the guise of Anti-Slavery, to denounce the Church, the Union, the Constitution, the Sabbath, and almost everything else which the community are accustomed to revere; and secondly, in the interruption of the meetings of said gang, by a band of rowdies as shameless as themselves. Not having attended any of said meetings, we cannot speak from our own personal knowledge, but we hear that several of them were entirely broken up, and all of them very much interrupted. At the Society's Anniversary in the Tabernacle on Tuesday forenoon, Garrison, Abby Kelley, and the rest, were compelled, by the authority of Capt. Rynders and his associates of the Empire Club, to listen to an elaborate argument by Professor Grant, designed to show that the negro does not belong to the human species, but is a sort of improved monkey, with his tail worn off. Most of the subsequent meetings were entirely broken up. No physical violence was used, so far as we can learn, although threatening gestures were resorted to in some cases, and if resistance had been offered, there would, no doubt, have been a grand melee. The most efficient weapon of the rowdies was "free discussion," carried to an extreme somewhat greater, perhaps, than the theory of the Garrisonists would justify; certainly greater than suited their convenience on these occasions. Many very ungallant expressions were addressed to Abby Kelley and others of her sex who were conspicuous at the meetings; in short, all the restraints of decency in the use of language, were thrown off, The Abolitionists finally abandoned the hall which they had engaged at the Society Library, and betook themselves to the Cherry-street Sailor's Home, where they let off a stern-chaser at the Gothamites in the form of a preamble and resolutions, and then dispersed. The following are two of the resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That we leave the odium of these disgraceful facts to rest upon this city—a broad and black stain; and proclaim to the world, that freedom of speech and the right peaceably to assemble together in New York, are enjoyed only to the extent that a lawless mob choose to allow.

"*Resolved*, That when the profane, the drunken, the licentious, the lawless, rally together to break up the meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, by groaning, bellowing and making the most beastly noises, and uttering the most foul language—scoffing at all appeals to reason, decency, and manly conduct; and when, at the same time, they give three cheers for the Church,' 'three cheers for the Constitution,' and 'three cheers for the Union,' we submit to a candid world whether the highest evidence is not furnished that the Church, the Constitution, and the Union are against God and against liberty, and have entered into 'a covenant with death,' and 'with hell are at agreement;' and that this Society is engaged in a godlike enterprise, and deserves the approbation of every pure and noble spirit."

There is no doubt that the Garrisonists have just cause to complain. Their right to assemble together does not depend upon the correctness of their views, or their mode of expressing them. Once admit the principle that a nest of fanatics may right ully be broken up, and there will be no security for assemblages of any sort.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE LATE RIOTS—LETTER FROM ISAAC T. HOPPER.

To the Editor of the The Tribune:

My name, as connected with the late disorders at the Anti-Slavery meeting, having appeared in several of the public papers very erroneously, I think it right to make a short statement of facts as far as I had anything to do in the premises.

On the morning of the 7th inst., between 9 and 10 o'clock, I called upon the Chief of Police and informed him that from what I had seen in the *Herald* for several days past, I was apprehensive that there would be difficulty at the Tabernacle, as the Anti-Slavery Society was to hold their Anniversary there on that morning; and proposed that he should send an officer or two, to preserve order. He replied, that he did not think it was necessary, as he did not believe there was any danger of disturbance—that the Mayor had the command of the Police. I proposed calling upon him, when he replied that he thought there was no danger of difficulty. Upon this I left him after saying "if there should be any difficulty we will send for thee." He responded "Yes." I then went to the meeting. After the usual preliminaries, W. L. Garrison, the President, addressed the meeting—he had proceeded but a short time, when Rynders and his coadjutors commenced interrupting the speaker, and soon manifested a determination to break up the meeting. Great confusion ensued, when the President called upon the rioters not to disturb the meeting by clamor, but to come forward and support their cause by fair argument—they should be protected in doing so. In the midst of extreme disorder a man was pointed out to me as a police officer, but he made no effort to restore order.

I did not attend the meeting held in the afternoon, but I did that held the next morning—the same disorder that had interrupted the meeting the day before, now showed itself again. Rynders, who appeared to be a leader in this outrage, or any other who might wish to address the meeting, was again called upon to come forward and defend their cause. This honorable invitation was spurned with contempt, and the most gross language used, accompanied with so much noise as to prevent the speaker from being heard. Finding every effort for restoring order fail, the President called upon the Chief of Police to suppress the riot, saying "I am informed that he is in the room—he knows his duty, and is under oath to do it." No notice was taken of this by the authorities. After some time another individual called out to the Chief to exercise his authority in restoring order, and observed that if he did not he was responsible for the consequences.

The pretense set up by the Mayor that he had no authority to interfere because Rynders had been invited to attend the meeting, is too childish to entitle it to a moment's consideration; no one believes, even if it were true, that he was thereby authorized to get up a riot. The false charge of blasphemy which had been made, shows the paucity of matter at command to form an excuse for the course adopted. It appeared to be well understood by the rioters that they and the members of the Society stood on precisely the same grounds with respect to the protection of the Police; and I have no doubt they were in this matter correct.

The following was sent to the Mayor with a request that if he discovered any error in it he would point it out. Not having heard from him, I presume he admits it to be correct, viz:

"I called upon the Mayor; when I went in he was in his private office; after waiting a few minutes he made his appearance; I informed him that the Anti-Slavery Society were holding their meetings in the Society Library Room, but were prevented from proceeding with their business on account of a continual noise—shouting, yelling, stamping, &c. &c. by persons who wish to break up their meeting, so that their speakers cannot be heard. I wish to know, if the Mayor please, if there is no remedy for all this—cannot they be protected from such interruption?

Mayor—The Chief of Police is there, and has orders to protect you from violence.

I asked, what does the Mayor mean by violence—is it not violence to prevent us from quietly going on with our business?

Mayor—But I understand that Captain Rynders was invited to the meeting, and that blasphemy has been uttered by your speakers.

H—Capt. Rynders or any of his company who might wish to address the meeting, was offered the privilege of doing so, but this they declined.

Mayor—I have no power to interfere unless they commit violence.

H—If we should adjourn to some future time wilt thou send a sufficient force to keep those rioters out of the meeting; or if they are suffered to come in, to preserve order.

Mayor—I have no authority to interfere, unless violence is committed. I have often been called upon to interfere at political meetings, but I would not interfere in any of those cases because I have no authority to do so.

H—Is every public meeting similar to ours, liable to be broken up by a rabble?

Mayor—I have no authority to prevent it.

H—Then I have been greatly mistaken. I have always believed that it was the duty of the Civil Authorities to preserve the peace of the City. If there is no authority to put down such riotous conduct as is now disturbing the meeting in the Society Library room, we may expect the worst consequences. We are men of peace, and are sufficiently numerous to put down those disturbers of the peace, if we choose to resort to physical force, but this we cannot do.

Mayor—You shall be protected; the Chief has sufficient force for that purpose.

H—I have frequently seen accounts in the papers of persons being punished for disturbing religious assemblies.

Mayor—That is different.

H—I have understood that the Constitution guaranties the citizens the right of meeting to discuss any subject they may wish. To this the Mayor made no reply. Isaac T. Hopper.

5 mo. 16th, 1850.

OPINIONS ON THE ANTI-SLAVERY DISCUSSION.

The newspapers have given various opinions upon the recent free discussions of the Anti-Slavery fanatics. Some call them riots—others outrages on liberty of speech; and a stranger to the entire facts might form a very erroneous opinion of the whole matter, from the comments of the press. Our reports have pictured the scenes very faithfully, and have given the only reliable view of the subject. The whole performance was one of free discussion, carried to its extreme. The same tactics were used as prevail in the House of Commons when an unpopular speaker attempts to address that assembly. The whole public were delegates at these meetings, and had all the preliminary arrangements been in parliamentary style, much confusion would have been avoided. As Roger de Coverly says, much may be said on both sides. Garrison had the foulest tongue, and Rynders the dirtiest face. Garrison's party uttered atrocious blasphemies and anti-christian opinions, perfectly shocking to many of his own friends—Rynder's followers displayed their rough hands, and ejaculated a few sailor's benedictions, calming the blood of the heated fanatics, sometimes by persuasion, sometimes by the terrors of promises, and sometimes by applause and shouts of derision. The parties were about equally balanced, while the spectators were merely passive in the affair. Garrison had invited Rynders and others to see the play, and to take part in it, and they did so, crowding out the regularly trained actors, who had all their speeches committed to memory. The old actors were not much abused; but the text of the play was not at all agreeable—just as we have seen a play at Drury Lane, when we could not hear more than a line on account of the noise. Garrison and his associates had undertaken to introduce blasphemies and anti-christian language, such as never before disgraced man or shocked a public assembly. In the time of Robespierre and the French revolution, such language might have been heard in private, but was not publicly uttered. Tom Paine never attempted to assail mankind by such means. The meetings of Owen and of Fanny Wright, at Tammany Hall and at the Park Theatre, twenty years ago, were respectable and fashionable and respectful. The infidels and atheists of that day were decent—but Garrison's infidelity and wickedness are shocking.—*Herald.*

THE ROW AT THE SOCIETY LIBRARY.

A correspondent writes: "I perceive that some of the whig prints are saying, that if Rynders is allowed to break up an Abolitionist meeting, he may next break up a Whig meeting. The argument is a merely selfish one, but there are men with whom only arguments addressed to their interests have any force, and who pay no attention to arguments addressed to their sense of justice. The Garrison Abolitionists hold peculiar opinions, but they have a right to hold them; they have a right, also, to hold their meetings in peace; and it was the duty of the city authorities to protect them. If there was no actual violence committed at the meeting, the disturbances was such, that if Garrison and his friends had shown any spirit, violence, and serious violence, would have been committed; if there was no actual fighting, it was only avoided by a hair's breadth. This doctrine, that nobody who behaves in a disorderly manner at a public meeting, can be arrested till he strikes, is a new-fangled notion, which will not work when it comes to be applied to whig meetings, as the Mayor may yet find. Any attempt to excite disorder, is a fit cause for arrest. But we are not now for the first time to learn that Mayor Woodhull is a poor spiritless creature. He is so much of a coward as to be afraid of the blackguard Rynders. A man who is conscious, as he must be—for Mayor Woodhull is not without some glimmerings of sense—of an utter want of the resolute firmness required in the chief magistrate of the city, ought to resign his place at once."—*Post.*

GARRISON'S NIGGER MINSTRELS.

Garrison's band of nigger minstrels, consisting of Phillips, Foster, Abbey Kelly, Fred Douglass, Garrison himself, *et id genus omne*, have been in town during the past week, giving concerts, and coming various games of that sort. They opened the blackball at the Tabernacle Tub—the den of iniquities *par excellence*—to an extensive audience of black and white spirits, and spirits of intermediate shades, and tuned their harps of discord to that famous nigger air composed and arranged expressly for this band of whitewashed niggers, called "Clear the track," white folk, the niggers are coming. This music was originally composed by Garrison, though the rival band, the Hutchinsons, have, of late years, gained some notoriety by appropriating the song to their own use. Though the Hutchinson's are but a "weak invention" compared with Garrison's band, still they have become of some note by thrusting themselves into the society of niggers whenever occasion has offered—and more particularly by forcing themselves into Garrison's concerts, and endeavoring to take the wind out of the sails of this old and well established band Particularly has this been the case since Garrison has been giving concerts, during this last visit—but more of this, by and by. At the first concert, at the Tabernacle, by Garrison's niggers, the applause and enthusiasm was so uproarious, that it was impossible for the niggers to be heard—their minstrelsy was entirely drowned, the audience preferring to hear their own voices rather than others, and although the great regulation, Captain Rynders, was on hand to keep peace, and exerted himself to that effect, still the niggers could not be heard. The first concert terminated in a "grand uproar," and adjourned to the Society Library—throwing Horace Greeley, and the virtuous community at his heels, into an alarming paroxysm of sympathy for their "half-brother" brethren. Their next concert was attempted at the Society Library, but here the Hutchinson family appeared, and insisted upon singing, whether the audience were willing or not, and in spite of Garrison's niggers, Capt. Rynders, Tom Carnley the sheriff, and the rest, niggers and whites, mixed and speckled, model artists and all, they did sing—they carried their point triumphantly. Garrison's niggers were entirely driven from the track, and their concerts in this city prematurely brought to an end—and we hope forever. Several papers have shown a disposition to censure Capt. Rynders and his party, but this is all wrong. Capt. Rynders was there to support Garrison's right to villify the U. States and all the Presidents thereof from Washington to Taylor—and if he failed, we see no reason why he should be censured, many a better man has failed before him.

On the other hand, we think he deserves the meed of praise. Can Garrison, Fred Douglass, or his half-brother Greeley, do more? Certainly not. When next Garrison's niggers perform, may we be there to see.—*Sunday Era.*

THE LATE PRO-SLAVERY RIOT.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir—After a band of rioters has been allowed to trample with impunity upon all law and order in your city, it is not surprising that an anonymous writer in *The Tribune* of Friday last, should attempt to screen the city authorities from all blame in the premises. The facts are strictly these: Both the high sheriff and the chief of police, by their own confession, were instructed by the mayor not to make any arrest, nor to do aught to suppress the disturbance, until personal violence had been committed; and in the interview which the venerable Isaac T. Hopper had with the Mayor on the morning of the Tabernacle meeting, the latter declared (in substance) that no amount of uproar and outrage, short actual assault and battery, constituted a breach of the peace, or authorized his official inteference.—This the rioters perfectly understood, and were emboldened to persevere in their most indecent and insulting conduct. How much they feared, or had reason to fear, being arrested, was shown by the fact, that at the meeting held in the Library Room on Wednesday forenoon, when they were hooting, screeching, yelling, threatening and blaspheming, almost without cessation, the inquiry was made from the chair, by request, 'Is the chief of police in the hall?' to which Rynders responded derisively, 'Oh don't! don't! you'll frighten us all to death!'—the sovereign mob responding with shouts of laughter! There were present some thirty or forty of the police, besides Mr. Matsell and the high sheriff; and then it was in the presence of these sworn conservators of the peace of the city, and with their approbation, I announced, under protest, that the proprietors of the building felt compelled to refuse us the further occupancy of it, for fear of the rioters, especially on account of the imminent peril in which the public library was placed.

As the presiding officer of the meeting held in the Tabernacle, I am represented by your correspondent as having said to the Chief of Police, 'We do not want Rynders removed. We have invited him and his friend, Mr. Grant, to address us, and we are willing to hear them.' Again I am represented as not objecting to the presence of Rynders and his followers; 'especially as the disturbance, so far from being an injury, would prove a benefit.' This is sheer caricature. Toward the close of the meeting, after two hours of violent interruption and great confusion, and during the speech of Mr. Douglass, when that gifted man had effectually put to shame his assailants by his wit and eloquence, Mr. Matsell did say to me, in a whisper, that he would remove Rynders, whenever I demanded it, in case he proceeded to commit any further violence. My reply was, that I hoped we should be able to conclude the proceedings without rendering such a step necessary, But I regarded the offer of assistance under such circumstances as little better than a mockery, and made only to save appearances.

Happily, the members of the American A. S. Society are deeply imbued with the spirit of peace as well as of liberty, and believe in overcoming evil with good; for, abandoned as they were to the insults and outrages of the mob by the city authorities, had they resorted to violence in self-defence, the most deplorable consequences might have followed.

That I uttered the calm conviction, that an assault so brutal and unjustifiable would aid, instead of injuring, the sacred cause of emancipation, is true; but, of course, not with any gratification at such an outrage, in itself considered. I am fully persuaded of the truth of the scriptural declaration, that the God of justice will 'cause the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain.'

Requesting an insertion of this correction in *The Tribune*, at your earliest covenience, I remain,

Yours, for all that is free, just and equal,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

—*Liberator*, 17*th.*

THE POLICE—SHILOH CHAPEL.

In the *Globe* of Thursday, we expressed our views, in strong language of what we then considered the objectionable conduct of two gentlemen connected with the Police deparment, at the Abolition meeting the previous evening. Since then we have received information relative to the circumstances adverted to, of such a character, and from a source so reliable that we are convinced those gentlemen were unjustly censured by us. As we now understand the circumstances, Capt. Scantliff did but perform his duty in the premises, and "acted well his part," not only as an officer, but as a good citizen. Officer Arthur M'Manus, in some things that evening which seemed objectionable laboured under a misapprehension and wrong information. This is not surprising, considering the crowd by which he was surrounded, and the confusion that at times prevailed. We are not personally acquainted with this gentleman, but he is spoken of by all in very high terms as a well-meaning man and worthy officer. Such men the *Globe* will never willfully injure, either in their public or private relations.

At a time of high excitement and deep feeling, we are all liable to err, both in judgment and act; also very easy is it for us to receive false impressions. But when convinced we have done another an injustice, we should not hesitate a moment in making the necessary correction.

The police had a hard time of it, and acquitted themselves well under their popular and efficient chief, Matsell. Yet they are severely denounced by the Abolitionists, who, had it not been for the force present, would not have escaped as they did. The presence of the Chief and his officers on Tuesday at the Tabernacle, alone prevented a scene of tremendous violence, and probably bloodshed.—*Globe* 11th.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS AT NEW YORK.

The misrepresentations of these meetings have been so general and gross as to make it necessary to publish a true statement of facts in reference to them. The following account was drawn up by a gentleman who is not a member of any Anti-Slavery Society, but who occupies a high professional and social position in this city, and who was an eye and ear witness of what he describes. The account was originally intended for the private eye of a friend in Congress, but at the request of the writer of these lines, it was altered and amplified into its present shape for the benefit of the public.

J. M. McKIM.

Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia, May 13th, 1850.

The Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in the Broadway Tabernacle. This spacious building was apparently filled to its utmost capacity. The assembly to all appearance also, was of the most respectable character, well-dressed men and women. From their demeanor, I should judge that the great mass of them were either members of the Anti-Slavery Societies from other places, or persons decidedly friendly to the cause. Mr. Garrison, the President of the Society, then and there holding its Sixteenth Annual Meeting, began with inviting any one present who might feel so disposed to offer a prayer. Upon this invitation Mr. Henry Grew, a man of a venerable aspect, rose in the body of the house and uttered a prayer for the spirit and the blessing of the God of the oppressed. Mr. Garrison then read from the Bible, a book, which, as he said, the people of the United States professed to believe in as the word of God. His selections were most admirably adapted to the existing state of our country. His reading, however, was not remarkably effective. It was like the ordinary reading of the pulpit. I could easily conceive that those passages of Scripture might have been so read as to have stirred the wrath of these friends of our domestic institutions, if any such were present.

Next came the Treasurer's Report, which occupied but a few moments. Mr. Garrison then resigned the chair to Mr. Francis Jackson, of Boston, and proceeded to address the assembly. He began with stating that they, the members of the Anti-Slavery Society, regarded the Anti-Slavery cause as emphatically *the* Christian movement of the day. Nothing could be more explicit than his recognition of the truth and Divine authority of the Christianity of the New Testament. He went on to examine the popular tests of Religion, and to show their defectiveness. In so doing, his manner was grave and dignified. There was no bitterness, no levity. His manner of speaking was simple, clerical and Christian. His subject was substantially that we have over and over again, in all the pulpits of the land, the inconsistency of our profession and practice, although not with the same application. If there were lack of good taste in Mr. G.'s phrases, I should despise myself if I could not with Burke "pardon something to the spirit of Liberty," if I were to stop to pick flaws in a man devoted to the cause of the wronged, while I overlooked or extenuated the wrong of slaveholding. Mr. Garrison said great importance was attached to belief in Jesus. We were told that we must believe in Jesus. And yet this faith in Jesus had no vitality, no practical bearing on conduct and character. He had previously, however, passed in rapid review the chief religious denominations, showing that they uttered no protest against the sins of the Nation. He spoke first in this connection of the Roman Catholic Church, stating that its priests and members held slaves, without incurring the rebuke of the Church.

At this point he was interrupted by a person in the gallery, who requested to know if the Roman Catholic Church was the only church in that condition? Mr. Garrison expressed no surprise at the interruption. There was not the slightest change in his manner or his voice. He simply said, "My friend, if you will wait a moment, your question will be answered," or something to that effect. There instantly arose a loud clapping around the stranger in the gallery, and from the outskirts of the audience, at different points. It was pretty evident, from those circumstances, that there were persons present on the watch for an opportunity to disturb the meeting; persons with whom the vast majority of those present had no sympathy.

Mr. Garrison went on. Entire quiet returned. In speaking of the inefficiency of what passes for belief in Jesus, Mr. G. observed that the Jesus whom people believed in uttered no condemnation of Slavery; that Zachary Taylor believed in Jesus, and yet was not deterred from holding and buying slaves, or giving the Mexicans hell." This was the purport and of his remark, and the signal for another and more violent interruption. The distinction which Mr. Garrison made between true religion and false was so apparent to every hearer through the whole course of his remarks, so fully and reverently did he recognize and imply, throughout, the divine authority of the Jesus of the New Testament, that no one present thought of charging him with blasphemy then, although his remarks have been so reported that the community is horrified at Mr. Garrison's infidelity! The thing which Rynders seized upon for a pretext was not blasphemy, but the alleged insult to the President. This it was that called up the stranger in the gallery, who proved to be no less a person than the one just named, Mr. Isaiah Rynders. The very position he had taken in the gallery, with his myrmidons, showed that he was resolved upon an assault,

packed close and ready to do his bidding. He vociferated that Mr. G. might speak provided he stuck to his subject, but he was not to insult the country or the government. Rynders was cheered on by his followers. The platform became instantly crowded. The audience kept their seats, or rather their places. The aisles and outskirts of the assembly were agitaed, uproar reigned. The noise, however, after a while, subsided, and Mr. Garrison resumed and finished in the same strain.

The close of Mr. Garrison's address brought down Rynders again, who vociferated and harangued, at one time on the platform and then pushing down into the aisle, like a madman followed by his keepers. Through the whole, nothing could be more patient and serene than the bearing of Mr. Garrison. I have always reverered Mr. Garrison for his devoted, uncompromising fidelity to his great cause. To-day I was touched to the heart by his calm and gentle manners. There was no agitation, no scorn, no heat, but the quietness of a man engaged in simple duties. There was the utmost confusion, which the Hutchinsons attempted to allay with their music, but in vain. At last, out of the embroglio came forth a proposition, which got published in the house that a Dr. Grant, a friend of Rynders, wished to address the meeting, and which was followed by a gradual subsiding of the disorder which had reigned, and in which only a very small portion of those present took any part, the great majority evidently being on the side of Mr. Garrison and his friends. There was a call, however, for Mr. Furness, the next speaker, according to the arrangements of the meeting And some time elapsed before it was decided who should take the floor first, Dr. Grant or Mr. Furness. Dr. Grant came forward on the platform to speak to the audience, and so much order was now restored that he was understood to say that he should prefer Mr. F. to speak first, provided he did not take up all the time. Mr. F. then came forward and occupied about thirty minutes, continually interrupted by remarks from Mr. Rynders—this individual occasionally signifying his assent to what was said, but most often dissenting in rude, coarse language, giving the speaker the lie, and professing himself personally insulted.

Mr. F. was followed by Dr. Grant, Rynders with his backers taking their places on the platform all the while. Dr. Grant's appearance and manner, though not coarse or violent, was shabby and ineffective. The noisy accompaniment of Dr. Grant's speech, which was an attempt to prove scientifically that the black man is not a man but a monkey, was executed entirely by his and Rynder's friends, who laughed and applauded, and interrupted the speaker. At last he concluded, and a cry for Douglass rose from all parts of the crowded assembly. Douglass, whose neat and gentlemanly dress contrasted strikingly with that of Dr. Grant, came forward, and stood for some moments amidst a tempest of applause, to which any sounds of an opposite character were as the chirp of a sparrow in a thunder storm. When the noise ceased, Mr. Douglass, after being threatened by Rynders, who declared he would knock him down if he said a word against the government or country, began with saying that the gentleman who had preceded him had entered into a learned argument to prove that the blacks were not men, that they belonged to the monkey tribe. "I cannot undertake," said Mr. D., "to follow him in that argument; but I submit myself to your inspection. Look at me and answer—Am I a man?" The assenting response to this interrogatory was instantaneous and most enthusiastic; and when it ceased, Rynders, standing all the while within three feet of Mr. D. exclaimed to him, "*You* are not a negro, you are half white." "Then, replied Mr. D., with an electric effect, "I am your half brother." It never fell within the writer's experience to witness a more decisive triumph. Mr. D. proceeded, and commanded the profound attention of that large assembly. To some remark made by him, Rynders signified his assent aloud.

Again, Douglass, with his matchless quickness, took advantage of Rynders, and observed, "I am happy to have the assent of my brother or half brother here." So completely did the speaker use and mould the disturber, that the latter grew cautious how he interrupted him: and when Douglass was afterwards interrupted by a voice from the gallery: "It is of no use," exclaimed Mr. D., "I have got Captain Rynders to back me." Nothing could be more exquisite than his retort, when, after having said, "We have made the cotton that you wear, and the sugar that you put into your tea, we were born here, and we mean to stay here and do all we can for you." He was again interrupted by the voice in the gallery with, "Yes, and you will cut our throats!" "Oh no!" exclaimed this consummate orator, "we will only cut your hair!"

Mr. Douglass closed with calling upon his friend Ward, to come forward The call was seconded by many voices, and there stepped forth from the back part of the platform, a man, some six feet high, of the blackest skin. If color were a test of intellect, he was the last person in the place that one would have expected to see come forward to speak. But immediately he commanded the entire attention of the assembly. Everything he said, and his manner of saying it, indicated education, culture. The noble pride he so nobly expressed in his color, thrilled the whole audience with a sentiment of respect. His wit was set off by an intonation which gave the fullest effect to the thought. He spoke without being interrupted, except by the most animated applause. The effect was decisive. Mr. Rynders had broken in upon the proceedings, and demanded the platform for his friend, Dr. Grant. Dr. Grant had spoken, with a great show of science, and argued that black men were monkeys, and then two of those monkeys had come forward and proved themselves in every quality, not only men, but accomplished, born gentlemen, inferior to none present, to none in the land.

Never was there a completer triumph. It was an event to witness it—a day to be remembered. Ignorant, boisterous, white rowdies, with nothing to show but the shallow science of Dr. Grant, were put down, half converted by a couple of black noblemen, who, so far from offending, by the slightest syllable against propriety, seemed inspired by feelings so elevated that they had no need to be upon their guard. They proved themselves thorough gentlemen And unpromising as the appearance of Mr. Ward was, from his exceeding blackness, yet as he went on, his whole form was transfigured. Intellect kept lightning behind that cloud. He seemed an animated statue of black marble, of the old Eyptian sort, out of which our white civilization was hewn. Every degrading association dropt away from his color, and it was as rich, in its blackness, as the velvet pall upon the bier of an Emperor.

When Mr. Ward concluded, Mr. Phillips was loudly called for, but it was past one o'clock, and the Society had engaged the Tabernacle only to that hour. So an adjournment took place, without the slightest disorder.

The meeting was a stormy lesson in free speech, and when the parties who occupied the platform are considered, the Abolitionists, of whom nothing respectable is expected, on the one hand, and the Empire Club, with Rynders at its head, on the other, the affair was really not more discreditable to New York than many a scene enacted of late in Congress has been to the country.

In the afternoon and evening the Society held meetings in another place, in a lecture-room which will hold not more than three or four hundred persons. They were again interrupted, and finally their meetings were broken up by Rynders and his band, who sealed their triumph by three cheers for the *New York Herald*, three cheers for the *Globe*, three for the Constitution, three for General Foote, and three cheers for the Church. The conduct of Rynders and his crew, which at the first meeting was not utterly absurd, can be accounted for at the last only upon the supposition that, mortified at their discomfiture in the Tabernacle, they were resolved to be baffled by no considerations of decency or reason, but to violate the principle of free speech in the most summary manner. They trampled one of the most sacred articles of the Constitution under foot, and did in brutal wantonness what Mr. Phillips believes and declared ought to be done only for the sake of humanity and freedom, a declaration which is amply justified by his opponents when they take the ground that Slavery cannot be abolished without going against the Constitution.—*Ledger*.

THE RECENT MOB.

The assault upon the right of Free Speech which disgraced our city last week, ought to alarm every intelligent citizen. Our public authorities have shown themselves utterly unworthy the confidence of the people. They have permitted a feeble mob, led by a notorious ruffian, to interrupt a lawful assembly, to insult peaceable citizens, men and women both, to break up the sittings of a Society, entitled to complete protection, with threats and violence. The police have stood by, aiding and abetting, declaring, by their presence and non-interference, that such conduct is legal, and may, with impunity and municipal approbation, be repeated. The offence to liberty is a thousand times worse than if no representatives of law and order had been present. A sufficient force of police to control this lawless invasion *was* present. The chief of police himself presided. Of course, we are to understand that nothing occurred which the authorities of the city regard as a breach of our privileges. Law and order, we are to infer—the law and order of our municipal authorities—has prevailed, and in accordance with it, the atrocious Rynders, and his blackguard followers, have been only in the way of their duty, or the exercise of their rights, in creating a riot in the midst of a lawful assembly, on account of the unpopularity of the sentiments avowed. A gang of desperadoes have now the recognized right to enter any public meeting in this city, and render its proceedings impossible, by noise, disorderly shouts, or even shakings of the fist, and personal insults and threats, provided that the opinions and expressions of the speakers are, in their judgement, unpatriotic or disrespectful to the popular convictions! Who is safe, if the cry of Treason or Infidelity, raised by rowdy boys and street bullies, ignorant alike of the Constitution and the Bible, is to excuse the violence of a mob determined on suppressing liberty of speech? What protects the Jewish synagogue, if the denial of Christ's authority authorizes public riots? What security have Unitarians, in their places of worship, if the popular dogmas of the Church may not be freely discussed, and their evil tendency exposed? What shield have Catholics, if a denial of the Christian name to nine-tenths of our population, excuses interruption of their assemblies, by exasperated Protestants? And if the Constitution, the Union, the very order of society itself, may not be freely discussed by those holding themselves amenable to the laws of the country and non-resistant of its penalties, without interruption from a violent and threatening mob, then, what better title have we to-call ourselves freemen than the subjects of despots? Far better, indeed, to be under the restraints of a tyranical police, a military censorship of speech, than beneath the control of an ignorant, capricious, and lawless mob; for the evil is visible and measureable in one case, in the other it is uncertain and infinite!

The Abolitionists may be infidels and traitors for anything that concerns our present argument; if they transgress the laws of the country, the proper authorities must arrest them in a legal manner, and we call upon them to do it. If they do not transgress the laws, they are entitled to their protection, as fully as if they were Christians and patriots of the purest die, and in *their* wrongs we are all wronged; civil and religious liberty has received a deadly blow through them, and a disgrace and injury has fallen upon our city, which we must not allow it to rest under, if there be any municipal virtue extant in this community.

Is it alleged that the meeting of the Abolitionists was a public meeting, in which free discussion was invited; that respect was due to the known feelings and prejudices of the audience—and that no such respect was exhibited? that the mob was a sudden outbreak of outraged piety and patriotism, which no authority could either anticipate or control; and that the intemperance, the inflammatory and insulting language of Garrison and his friends, provoked and excuses the excitement and the action of the mob?

We answer that the ultra opinions of the Abolitionists, whether political or religious, are as well known as the creed of the Whig or Democratic parties, of the Catholic, or the Protestant churches; that the meeting was notoriously called for the purpose of expressing opinions offensive to the vast majority of our citizens—and that everybody going to the meeting, went in full knowledge of what he might hear, and so exposed himself voluntarily, and after ten years' warning, to an attack upon his own sentiments; that the same opinions, with far more violence and offensiveness of expression, have been safely published in the Tabernacle for ten years past; that nine-tenths of the audience present were willing or anxious to hear the discussion in quiet; that the rioters were comparatively few in numbers, and of a character notoriously more offensive to the religious and moral sense of this community than the Abolitionists are to the slaveholder; that any hypothesis of their conduct proceeding from sincerely excited feelings, from injured patriotism, or wounded piety, is supremely ridiculous; and that every evidence was afforded of a deliberate and pre-arranged plan to silence, confuse, or break up the meeting.

Allowing that the speech of the Abolitionists was ever so unpatriotic and impious, it is guaranteed that infidel meetings shall not be interrupted in this community. It is just as inexcusable to invade an infidel congregation as a Christian one, and every citizen should be as ready to stand with his musket on guard while a peaceable body of unbelievers discuss the folly and falsehood of the Gospel, as while the most orthodox congregation of Christians in enjoying the rights of conscience in their own mode of worship. Nay, more so, for public opinion protects the one, and the other is to be protected by the law against public opinion in its tyrannical outbreaks.

We shall never hold our peace until this abominable treachery to our principles on the part of the authorities is published. We would fly as from Sodom and Gomorrah, an American city that did not protest against the imbecility and unfaithfulness of its Mayor and police at a time of such outrage. Shall our city be in arms—our first and best citizens out with cards of proffered support and sympathy when a mob of boys threaten to interrupt a theatrical performance, and no word of public rebuke, no alacrity of demonstration meet and rebuff this continued and finally successful attempt to put down an assembly of unquestionable sincerity, of blameless purity of life—having the evil of Slavery for their theme, and their enthusiasm in the cause for their chief reproach. We trust that those who made themselves so honorably active on the ocasion of the Astor Place riot, will not allow the sincerity of their conduct then, to be questioned by their inactivity now, when the same principle is imperilled under more flagrant and alarming circumstances.—*Christian Inquirer*.

MR. GARRISON AND CAPT. RYNDERS.

Let us suppose that in the city of Washington those Southern men who hold extreme doctrines on the subject of Slavery had called a Convention, and that there publicly they had discussed their favorite opinions with the utmost freedom. Let us suppose that they had represented Slavery as a necessary, a wise, a benign, a divine institution, and one which ought therefore to be permanent and as widely extended as possible. Let us suppose them to have denounced Northern men in the most violent and vituperative terms, to have abused public men, and even to have represented the President of the United States as recreant to his high trust. Let us suppose that they had even proposed to exert their influence to restore the institution of Slavery to the free States, and to make the whole United States a slaveholding nation. Now, let us next suppose that Capt. Rynders and his Club, in the excess of their patriotism, had gone to Washington, and congregating upon the platform had interfered with the meeting, defending with loud vociferation and violent and threatening gestures the President, public men and the institutions of the North, and had finally succeeded in interrupting free debate and had dispersed the Convention. What would the South have said to this? What would have been the voice of the whole country? Do we not acknowledge the freedom of the press, the freedom of debate, the right to hold public meeting, and to discuss any subject that we please? Are not these fundamental rights? Let these Southern men be ever so wild, extravagant, abusive and fanatical, still they have the right to hold their convention, and to conduct it as they please, and to pass what resolutions they please. If they should proceed to any acts of treason, they keep within the privileges which are guarantied the law provides a remedy by due process; but while by the Constitution to all our citizens, there is no one that may hinder them, or interfere with their measures.—Capt. Rynders and his club have not been constituted the conservators of public order, the regulators of public meetings, the umpires of public debate They have no more right to break up the Southern Convention, than they have to break up a meeting in Faneuil Hall, a town meeting in Connecticut, a democratic Convention at Syracuse, a Methodist camp-meeting, an Episcopal Convention in New York, a Presbyterian General Assembly at Philadelphia, a meeting of the Bible Society, or to break up Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn, or Dr. Spring's church in New York. If they may interfere with one lawfully held meeting, they may with another. Our Constitution does not recognize any one set of opinions as under its protection, and commit all others to the wise discretion and tender mercies of Capt. Rynders and his Club. Let the Southern men be ever so rabid and violent, Capt. Rynders has no more supervision ever them, than he has over the Convention of Roman Catholic Bishops at Baltimore.

In itself considered, Capt. Rynders might do a good service in dispersing a Convention of Southern fanatics who were met to disseminate their ultra doctrines, to extend Slavery, or to talk about the dissolution of the Union. It might be a very religious and patriotic act, in itself, to break up a Convention of Romish Bishops, and thus prevent them from concocting their schemes for extending their anti-Christian and anti-Republican influence over the land. So too he might break up some Universalist churches with good effect. Perhaps Boston would receive a benefit if he could effectually interrupt Theodore Parker while giving forth his transcendental theology.

Still more, Capt. Rynders and his Club might signalize themselves, and do a great deal of good directly, by breaking up the mock-auctions which line Broadway and Chatham street, by cleaning out gambling-houses, and the low haunts of drunkenness, profanity and debauch. The polls at our elections, our public conventions of the worst kind, our most fanatical churches, and our political assemblies, do not need, after all, the chivalrous interference of these self-constituted champions of sound opinion, good morals, and order, to the same degree with the dens of iniquity in our city, where so many are entrapped and ruined.

Now, we say that the field before Capt. Rynders and his Club is a very wide one, and they might do a great deal of good in their rough and decisive way, if there were not insuperable objections on other accounts. If Capt. Rynders should break up the Southern Convention in question, a Southern Club might be formed to visit the city of New-York, and break up our Anti-Slavery Conventions with the same propriety. Indeed, if this champion of order and correct opinion be allowed to go on, we see not why similar Clubs may not spring up with every set of distinctive opinions, and all free public discussion be brought to an end. And even his best work—that of breaking up gambling-houses, &c. might provoke the formation of clubs to break up the splendid mansions of worthy and peaciful citizens on the Fifth Avenue. When once the example is set and sustained, of going beyond the law of the land, and of assuming duties which belong to the regularly constituted Ministers of Justice, then we at once begin the work of resolving society into its original elements, and introduce the reign of physical brute force in the place of mild and equable law. Capt. Rynders himself, and his redoubtable Club, will now get into hard conditions; for when they hold their Club meetings to discuss how they may uphold the Constitution and the general Government according to our Northeren views, their quarters may be beaten up by a Club of Southern slavery-men.

There is no great right and privilege but what may be abused. Men abuse the right of property, the right of opinion and free discussion, the right of conscience, the right of the press, and so on. And yet we judge it better that men should enjoy these rights. The political and priestly despots of Europe, indeed, think that the people are not to be trusted with these rights. But we think differently in this country, and we have constructed our institutions accordingly. Now, suppose some benevolent champion of order in the Old World should take it into his head to visit our country with a Conservative Club of 100,000 men, to put everything to rights among us, to put down our popular meetings, political, religious and benevolent, to stop our wild fanatical discussions of all kinds, and to make all men speak and act just right, what would we think of it? What would we do on our part? Captain Rynders and his Club form a very humble concern comparatively, but they are no more legally constituted, they are just as much opposed to our free democratical institutions, they are equally despotic in their way.—They are a self-constituted Conservative body to regulate our citizens in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights, and to prevent them from running into abuse and extravagance—that is, according to their own notions of Conservatism and good order. Really our experiment of free opinion and discussion is a sad failure, if this man and his fellows are required to keep all things straight. The Empire Club! Yes, imperial enough—imperious enough—impudent enough—browbeating enough! And our citizens endure this!

We have made a hypothetical case—but the principle is precisely the same whether it be a Southern Slavery convention at Washington, or a Garrison Anti-Slavery meeting in New York. Our Constitution permits Garrison and his Society to meet and discuss their doctrines. If they violate the law in any respect, then let them be visited by due process of law. But if they exercise only those rights which the Constitution guaranties to every citizen, then to suffer them to be hindered and broken up, is to suffer the violation of one of our dearest rights. The enjoyment of this right is not measured according to our opinions—it is a right which men of every opinion are entitled to. If Garrison and his Society are broken up to-day, one of our holiest Societies may with equal justice and impunity be broken up to-morrow. Do not tell us that we enjoy the right of opinion and free discussion, if such a body of marauders may enter a public assembly in open day, under the very eye of the law, and create uproar, threaten violence, and effectually stop the proceedings of a body of our citizens.

We must not suffer our dislike of Garrison and his doctrines to blind our eyes to the true state of the question. His peculiar doctrines are wholly foreign to the question. Had he and his Society a right to assemble and hold public discussions like the Anti-Slavery Society which met in the afternoon of the same day—like all the other Societies who during the week were celebrating their Anniversaries? Did not Rynders and his Club trample upon the rights of our citizens, and make war upon the State itself, when they rushed into the Tabernacle to disturb a public meeting, and when they pursued their purpose in the subsequent meetings?

The question is a grave one. It is time we know whether there is authority and force enough in our city government to protect us from such outrages. If this be suffered, who dare boast of his security, and who can tell in what form or in what quarter the next outrage may be perpetrated?

The abuse of the right of opinion and free discussion by ultraists, fanatics, and errorists of all kinds, is an evil incidental to the right. But those who, like Rynders and his Club, invade a meeting held by any body of our citizens, make war upon the right itself, and are guilty of a most flagrant political offence, and one which demands the most serious and decisive cognizance of the judicial authorities.—*Evangelist*.

THE *Garrison Abolitionists* are reaping a rich harvest of notoriety from the violence and outrage, of which they were made the victims, in this city. There were not more than fifty persons, of both sexes, and all ages and colors, present at their meetings who had any sympathy with their sentiments or their projects; and if they had been let alone, they would have agitated the air of the Society Library room (which, under the circumstances, could not have been injured by the process) for a day or two, and then sunk out of sight for another year. The idea of "danger," or of discredit to the city, from their meetings, was preposterous. Nobody felt any such apprehension; a morning print, which lives upon clamor and excitement, for the promotion of its interests, as it has often done before, stirred up a row; and a section of the Democratic party, in the hope of making a political capital out of it, took a share in the business. The two succeeded in inciting, or hiring, fifteen or twenty bullies—who are notoriously in the market for such purposes—to attend and break up the meeting.

And thus the ends of all parties were attained. The bullies got their prey. The *Globe* got a little fresh reputation, as a champion of the Union. Its mate sold a few more extras And the Garrisonites raised a commotion throughout the country, without incurring the slightest danger or being put to a shilling's expense. Some of our City cotemporaries spin out long articles about the sayings and doings of the Garrison gang, and fill them full of exclamation points and holy horror. Their resolutions and speeches are quoted at the South as specimens of Northern sentiment, and the whole country is made to ring with clamor and denunciation. This is as ridiculous as it mischievous. It gives Abolitionism a life and importance which it never could attain otherwise. The long-haired, moon-struck creatures who constitute the whole party and who are of far less consequence than the fly upon the wheel, are elevated into conspirators and traitors, and then made martyrs of. They are simply fools with a touch of knavery in their composition, though not enough of this to make them dangerous. It is only by persecuting them and making a great noise about them, that their existence would be known beyond their own limits. Their enemies have done more for them in a single day in this City, than they could have done for themselves in an age. It is thus that fanaticism always lives upon the folly of its foes.—*Courier and Enquirer, May 18th*.

VIEWS ON THE ABOLITION MEETINGS.

The *Courier and Enquirer*, behind all the other newspapers, as usual, with its opinions, has undertaken, in its ponderous and prudish sheet, to exhibit wisdom upon the late abolition meetings in this city. The *Herald*, of course, is dragged in to make the article spirited and worth reading, and we are charged with making an excitement about abolition doctrines, which says the sagacious writer, would die out, if let alone. Indeed! Does the history of the Whig party, of Free Soil, Seward, Greeley and the rest, prove this? Have not the abolition sentiments even touched the *Courier and Enquirer*? What is the use in trying to cover a notorious fact?

All this outcry, however, about silence killing error, is absurd It is the course of the great lumbering sheets to be silent about everything, till they are sure they will not lose an advertisement by publishing an article. But what is the result of such journalism? Why, simply this—that they are made entirely by public opinion, and not public opinion by them. Sometimes, as in the present case, they run counter to the popular feeling, and then they suffer for their temerity. It comes with a bad grace from the *Courier and Enquirer*, to read us a lecture. It would be much better engaged in reviewing its own history, and in calling to mind the days, when, by illegal appeals to the worst passions of our citizens, it instigated men to riot in the house of Mr. Arthur Tappan, to burn churches, and to do other deeds of like wickedness.

Our course throughout these recent meetings has been plain, and purely within the limits of law and reason. The very organs of the defeated party declare that the *Herald's* reports, are the only ones to be relied upon—that they are strictly accurate and just; and it is evident to every sensible man that our opposition, so far as it extended, was legal, natural, and justifiable. If the lewd outcasts of society were to call a meeting, invite discussion, and indulge in all the licentious language of the bagnio, under the plea that free discussion should be tolerated, does any one dare to maintain that they have a right to do so, without opposition from the decent and moral? In the recent meetings at the Tabernacle and the Society Library, there were no riots, no violation of person or property, but simply a free, but somewhat noisy discussion of religion, politics and morals, between Garrison and Rynders, and their respective gangs. Rynders had the best of it, and that was all.—*Herald 21st*.

☞ THE "abolition riots," as they have been termed, are easily explained, and in one respect they are to be charged to Mr. Garrison and his associates. On the morning of the first interruption or "riot," Mr. Garrison prevented the Chief of Police from clearing the house, and stated that he and his associates wanted Rynders and his men to remain and also to address the Meeting. In real truth Garrison and his associciates were rejoiced to learn that Rynders had been hired to break up the abolition meetings, and they would not on any account have had the design of Rynders frustrated. They court and directly provoke opposition and tumultuous interruption in order that their cause may be brought to assume a greater consequence before the public, that they may excite sympathy as persecuted men.—*Sun*.

—Evidences of this fact were plainly discernible in the whole proceedings; and the writer of this was so well convinced of it, as were also several friends who attended the meeting with him, that they resolved to use their utmost endeavors to put down any serious disturbances which the Abolitionists might provoke, believing that one of their objects was to create sympathy for themselves by having a report go abroad that the meeting was broken up by a mob.—*Day-Book, 11th*.

THE ROW AT THE TABERNACLE.—The *Herald* partially succeeded yesterday in getting up a row at the Tabernacle; and but for the presence and activity of the Police the disturbance would, doubtless, have ended in a bloody riot. Our reporter was in error yesterday in stating that no officers were present. Mr. Matsell was early at the Tabernacle, with an efficient force.

While no one can condemn the course of such fanatics as Garrison more strongly than ourselves, yet we must denounce, in still stronger terms, the conduct of the bullies who outrage the public peace, by resorting to violence to put them down. Let them alone; the fate of the Union is not in the hands of fools and madmen. Persecution only gives importance to these meetings, and adds to the number of their proselytes. The patriotic indignation of such philanthropists as Bennett, is regarded as *a joke* by sensible men; and the ravings of the Abolitionists should be allowed to pass as the idle wind. But when a corrupt journal, which has some influence "with certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," undertakes to excite a mob, the Law should interfere in behalf of public order. We have hardly yet recovered from the horrors of a riot, ending in wholesale slaughter, which was directly caused by the daily *irritations* of a reckless newspaper. Is there no way of protecting the community from an influence so vile and dangerous?—*Mirror*.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1850.

Who may Blame.

The privilege of finding fault is one which we free-born Americans inherit along with the Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus, the trial by Jury and other birth-right prerogatives, from the true-born Britons our ancestors. Indeed, what is Civil Liberty but the Right of Complaint connected with processes of redress? The severest pressure of an arbitrary government is where it forcibly seals up the lips and makes Censure an article contraband of war; and the first object of a rising against Absolutism is to raise this embargo on Thought and Utterance. Like all other prerogatives, however, it involves and imposes Responsibility, and a distinction may properly be made between Right and Power. The *Power* to do a thing depends upon the sufferance of the laws and the impunity attached to it. The *Right* to do it, depends upon the Moral and Intellectual preparation of the person exercising it and upon the position and attitude in which he stands with regard to the thing as to which it is exerted. The Right of Censure is a perfect one, but only when it is rightly-used. A man has the *power* to censure falsely, maliciously, slanderously; but he has not the *right* to do it. He only has the right and power combined who censures impartially, wisely, considerately, justly.—Pope's canon, though false in Criticism, is true in morals:

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

For though a man may form a just opinion of a poem who cannot write one; yet no one can properly condemn an evil action or institution of which he is, himself, a part and a partaker. The *power* remains with him, but the *right* has passed out of him.

Now it is the misfortune of the inhabitants of this Model Republic, that although there is no country that furnishes such monstrous anomalies and amorphous iniquities to be attacked out of the varied armory of Censure, there is none that possesses so very few that have just pretensions to wield those tempered weapons. There are champions that pass for Sampsons among us; but they are, almost every man of them, shorn to the quick. Their blows fall hurtless because their virtue has departed from them. Others there are who claim to be judges in this our Israel and to attack its intestine enemies; but although they seem to have a stomach for the fight and to put a good will into their strokes, yet they come short of the adversary and sometimes only hit themselves The fact is that these warriors have but a very short crop of hair of their own, and stand, moreover, in a position of great disadvantage in regard to the adversary,—and this, two, of their own choosing. They that are Nazarites indeed, and who have not exposed themselves by their own act to be

"——turned out, ridiculous, despoiled,
Shaved and unarmed to their enemies,"

are not many in number, but they have ever been enough to keep up the warfare with the Philistines, and with ever increasing advantage. They are the adversaries whom the enemy at once fear and respect the most. For it is plain for all to see that they are open, consistent and forthright in the plan of their attack and the weapons of their warfare.

When such a monster as Slavery, for instance, is to be hunted down and the chase is on foot and the quarry stands at bay, the effectiveness of the different strategies and weapons of this woodcraft are brought to the test. The field is divided into too main parties,—those that rally around the odious beast, because it is the God they worship and to which they refer all their wealth and power, and those who profess to hate the idol and its liturgy and to aim at the prostration and extinction of them both. This latter division is much more numerous than the former, but there is this special difference between them, that the first are fearfully in earnest, while the last, as a body, can in the nature of things as they exist in this country, wear but a form of godliness, but the semblance of a sincere purpose. Indeed they are bound by the highest Religion they acknowledge, to protect and comfort this very Horror that they profess to hate, to catch its escaping victims and to send them back to its obscene altar, to give it a controlling power over their own political destinies, to protect it by their own right arms if its human sacrifices turn upon it! Pretty Iconoclasts they, who feed the fires on the altars, protect the worship and magnify the power of the false god they pretend to wish to pull down! There is, fortunately, another class of assailants who have escaped from the toils in which their fellows are enmeshed, who ignore every prescription and all enactment that consecrates the common enemy, who are deterred by no interposition of Church or State, of Doctor in Divinity or Doctor of Laws, but who aim, their hands armed with whatever weapons they may rightfully use, straight at the heart of the blatant beast. Which description of assailants is the most formidable to it and its adorers? Whose pursuit will make the Heavens and Earth re-echo with the clamour of the chase?

Now whenever the matter of Slavery is brought before the country in its most hateful aspects, when it demands regions equivalent to kingdoms for its domain, and puts forth all its force and all its fraud for the accomplishment of its ends, the truth of our opening propositions is as plain as the finger of History can write it. There is a general disposition felt, or pretended, to resist the farther aggressions of Slavery. A spirit of Remonstrance, of Censure, manifests itself. It sometimes looks as if there were something earnest in it. Men say they are ready to shoulder their muskets if Texas be annexed, to dissolve the Union if Slavery is to go into the newly stolen territories; but when they are brought up to the point we find their courage, like Acres's "oozing out of the palms of their hands." The sting is taken whole out of their Censure by their own hands. They stand in a position which makes their anathemas mere *brutum fulmen*, as futile as if Pope Pius should excommunicate General Taylor and lay the United States under an Interdict. Their Censure, indeed, rebounds and disables themselves. If Slavery be so bad a thing, what business have they to be in a Solemn League and Covenant with it? If it be so monstrous an iniquity to permit it to exist where they had the power to prevent it, how comes it that Louisiana, Florida, Missouri, and, above all Texas, are the acknowledged and adopted sisters of their household? Why did they not oppose an effectual resistance, before? All precedent and all logic is against them, and they know it. Knowing and feeling it, they have no spirit in their hearts, no strength in their arms, and after a feeble show of resistance they submit, like tame wethers, first to be shorn and afterwards to be devoured

So every time the very bravest men of the Free Soil party, or the most Anti-Slavery wing of the Whigs or Democrats, can utter their stoutest rebukes of Slavery and their loudest remonstrances against its injuries, they are compelled to bate their breath and bow their heads in acknowledgment of its legal existence, of its Constitutional rights and their own Constitutional duties. Read, we will not say, the Speeches of Taylor Whigs such as Mr. Fowler or Mr. Horace Mann, but of Mr. Hale or Mr. Giddings himself, and observe the care with which the Constitutional *Salvo* is always had in remembrance. How guarded are they to attack Slavery only in a *Constitutional* way, and how sure to acknowledge the binding force of the Constitutional Compromises! Well, this is all the Slaveholders require. The Constitution is enough for them. In their hands it is like the Tent in the German Story which could be carried in the waist-coat pocket or shelter an army. Cheveril and Caoutchoue are steel and adamant compared with its elasticity. The fact is Slavery *is* the Constitution, and it is admitted, tacitly, by the very men who are the most disposed to deny it, and their faith is sealed by their tame submission to whatever It is resolute to exact. The word "Disunion" from Southern lips, and the threat of a Southern Convention is enough to bring Congress and the North upon their knees. The will and pleasure of the Seventy-five thousand voting Slaveholders is the Constitution of the United States, and when emphatically expressed, as at this time, is sure of a prompt if not a cheerful submission. "*Voluntas Principis lex est.*"

So when one of the chosen political leaders of the North, such as Daniel Webster, stands before the world and

"Like some tall bully lifts the head and lies;"

when he declares that Slavery cannot exist in the new Territories, by the ordination of God, while in the same breath he shows that it has existed by God's ordinance in every country and climate; when he gives the lie to all his former protestations which had been accepted as the voice of his party at the North; how few, comparatively, are found to denounce him as he deserves, and how many to swing the censor of their adulation to prevent his becoming a stench in the nostrils of the people! How tame the tone of reprobation even of those that have the courage to utter any at all! Why is this, except that they have a horrible misgiving that, revolting as such an example is, it is, after all, only a carricatured likeness of themselves? That the only real difference between them and Webster, is, that he has prostrated himself and kissed the toe of our Sovereign Pontiff, whereas they satisfy themselves with a respectful reverence? The Northern Disunionists are the only men in the country that can enjoy the dear delight of finding fault with entire self-complacency. Their business or Censure, and they occupy a position which enables them to do their business to their own entire satisfaction. They have no terms to hold with Slavery, is its whole or half apologists. Their denunciations flash directly at the object they would destroy and glance off from no Constitutions or Compromises. They reject the State-craft that builds the republic on the slavery of a sixth part of its inhabitants. They abhor the priest-craft that teaches that as long as Apollyon is placed on the throne of God by the vote of the majority we are bound to worship and obey him. And they hold that their position is not merely the most comfortable and consistent, but the most practical and efficient that they can hold.

E. Q.

Invasion of Cuba.

The *Sun* of this city, which seems to be the organ of a band of buccaneers who are about to make, or have already made a descent upon Cuba, has bristled, the past week, with capitals, large and small, notes of admiration, and other attractions wherewith panic-makers and other caterers for the public palate, captivate all curious and wonder-loving people. Here, however, is unquestionably a serious matter, and one that will proves something more than a nine days' wonder. An attempt is to be made, as we have long believed, for the subjugation of Cuba, and the first act of what may turn out, perhaps a farce, perhaps a tragedy, is about to open. There is no doubt that this conspiracy to invade the territory of a nation at peace with the United States, under the pretence of extending the blessings of liberty to an oppressed people, but in reality to strengthen and increase the real tyranny that curses Cuba, is well organized in this country, with money enough to back it, and men enough of influence and ability to ensure its success—if that be possible. From New Orleans and from this city it is known that a considerable force has gone in detachments to rendezvous, it is supposed, at Chagres, to be under the command of General Quitman on the part of the Americans, and General Lopez on the part of the Spaniards. The latter has issued two proclamations to all and singular who are disposed to engage in a little piracy, either for gain or amusement, and it is quite certain that a large number had already enlisted for a work so entirely in accordance with our national predilections. The *N. O. Bulletin* of the 13th, says:

"Very exaggerated reports have been circulated as to the number engaged in the enterprise, which have been represented as high as 10 or 12,000 men, but if any one will for a moment reflect on all the extensive arrangements necessary for transporting such a large body of men, for vessels, provisions, water, stores and equipments, and the enormous outlay, even on the most economical plan, it will at once be seen how improbable it is, that anything like that number are engaged in the undertaking.

We were ourselves, however, from information we had on the subject, induced to believe that there were from 4 to 5,000, but it is now stated, and we believe with correctness, that the actual force is less than 3,000 men. The material, however, of which this force is composed, is probably equal if not superior to any similar number of men that were ever embarked for a desperate military *coup de main*. A very considerable number of them are the *elite* of the volunteers who served in Mexico, and who, of course, have had much experience, and possess no little degree of discipline and military knowledge. As a whole, the entire body are probably even much superior to the volunteers in the Mexican war.

—Of course, an expedition made up from material gathered together in the United States, and that too openly, as it must have been to a degree, and starting with such flourish of trumpets as is made over it by a certain sort of public papers, and the fustian proclamation of its Generals, would compel the authorities at Washington to notice it whether they would or no; for the Government, at least, must preserve the appearance of national good faith and respect for treaties, whether the people are under any such obligation or not. Accordingly, the *Republic* of Monday morning contains the following semi-official announcement:

"Within the last few days information has been received by the Government, rendering it most probable that a military organization has been set on foot, within the United States, formidable both in numbers and from the character of those engaged in it, for the purpose of attacking the Island of Cuba and revolutionizing the Government.

"We are informed that the President of the United States, immediately upon the receipt of the information; directed orders to be issued for the vessels of the Home Squadron, as also for the steamer Saranac and frigate Congress to proceed forthwith to the island of Cuba, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any military force, organized in the United States, was proceeding from thence to Cuba for the purpose of invading that Island and revolutionizing the Government; with express instructions, in the event of such being the case, to prevent the landing of any such force, or the carrying out of any such expedition or enterprize; and with further instructions, in the event of a landing having been effected, to prevent the landing of any reinforcement, or of any arms or provisions, under the American flag, intended for such expedition or enterprise. In obedience to these orders, we unnderstand that the steamer Saranac proceeded to sea on Saturday last, and will probably reach Cuba about Thursday next, where it is expected she will meet the Germantown, the Albany, and the Vixen.

"It is confidently expected that the whole Naval force ordered thither will reach the Island of Cuba before any considerable number of those engaged in the enterprise can possibly have effected a landing, and thus prevent the violation of our treaty obligations of amity and peace with Spain."

—Nor is it at all probable that the Spanish authorities are smoking their *cigarettos* with their accustomed composure in expectation of the visiters of whose coming they have heard. They probably are not disposed to deliver the keys of the Moro at the first summons of the invaders, and then invite them to take possession of their coffee and sugar plantations with all the live stock. A good deal will have to be settled and unsettled before the lands of Moses Y. Beach, and other American speculators, can be advertised in the *Sun* as offering brilliant opportunities for investment; and among the other questions, and not the least difficult, will be one whether there shall be more 'Quashees in the West Indies to eat pumpkins'—if there *were* any such thingthere—at their leisure and after their own fashion, or whether they shall raise coffee and sugar and spices and tobacco, and fine fruits in quantities hitherto unknown, to contribute to the glory and growth of these Anglo Saxons whose right to all these things may not be gainsaid, whatever else may be questioned. We doubt if Cuba become either an independent State, or one of the States of this Union, without having to encounter a vast deal of difficulty in the settlement of this very question of 'pumpkins.' It is not

it was that which prompted several citizens of that city to give the Anti-Slavery cause one chance of being fairly represented this year in this vicinity. Mr. Phillips' address, we hear from all quarters, gave unmingled satisfaction, and was received with frequent bursts of applause from one of the most respectable audiences ever convened in Brooklyn. It was first intended that the meeting should be held in a public Hall, but there being some apprehension of a mob, Mr. Beecher's church was opened instead. There was a determination on the part of the citizens, we understand, to preserve the peace, and this in itself was enough to repress all riotous proceedings. The meeting was undisturbed save by a few hisses, coming from a few half-fledged youngsters whose orders were evidently to hiss whenever there was any applauding—which order they obeyed to the letter, hissing, among other things, an allusion to Horace Mann, who certainly has not yet rendered himself so obnoxious to the pro-Slavery party as to deserve any such disapprobation, though he is in a fair way to earn it:

We have heard of several instances of partial conviction to the truths of Anti-Slavery among Mr. Phillips' audience, and of a good deal of surprise expressed in various quarters of how harmless and even good-looking a creature this Anti-Slavery ogre really proved to be when it had a chance of being fairly exhibited, compared with the portraits of it which the city press has been delighting itself in drawing for a week or two past.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*—and that paper always has correspondents ready for any emergency—shows his appreciation of the harm done to the *Journal's* cause in the following note:

MR. EDITOR:—You were manifestly correct in your castigation of political sermons; but is not some comment also due in reprehension of the conduct of Mr. Beecher, in inviting the fanatic, *Wendell Phillips*, to lecture in his church? Wendell Phillips! who has uttered more indecent blasphemies against religion and the Bible, and more violent tirades against the clergy, than even the notorious Garrison. [Doubted.]

Hudibras says, very pertinently—

"People differ in opinion,
Some like an apple—some an onion!"

Mr. Beecher, I presume, likes the onion, and is welcome to it: still I think the matter calls for your notice.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1850

—The *Journal* however, evidently thinks that it has its hands full in taking care of Mr. Beecher's preaching, and manifests no disposition to meddle with Mr. Phillips. Its doubt whether he is so bad as the "notorious Garrison"—as if notoriety were a proof of infidelity—does not, we presume, arise from any knowledge of what he really thinks of the Bible, every word of which, it is well enough to say, he believes in just as faithfully as if he were still in full fellowship and regular standing in a Church that admits men-stealers to membership.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS—*In Chambers*—Before Judge Daly.—*The Slave Case.*—In relation to the young man alluded to on Tuesday as having been brought up on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and claimed by a citizen of Maryland to be his slave, but sent back to the City Prison to answer an indictment for grand larceny which existed against him, and sentenced by the Court of Sessions to the State Prison for two years, the matter came again yesterday before Judge Daly, the application being on the part of Mr. Jay, for the slave, that the *habeas corpus* be dismissed, while Mr. Graham, for the alleged owner of the young man, insisted upon his right to an order that the slave be given up to his owner, by which means he may secure his possession on the termination of the sentence.

Mr. Jay takes the ground that the Legislature had no constitutional authority to pass a law by which a person from another State can claim property and right of possession to another person in this—that the matter in relation to master and servant is connected with the General Constitution of the United States, the carrying out of whose provisions is solely the work of Congress, and that Congress not having made any law upon this subject, the States cannot, as it is a matter belonging to the General Government and not to the different States. It is also contended that the course pursued in relation to the accused at the sessions in reference to his civil rights, makes a distinction in this case from ordinary ones. The matter has been postponed until Saturday at 11 o'clock, when the various questions will be argued. [The accused was charged by Capt. Rowland, of the schooner Washington, with having taken a purse containing $60 from the locker of the vessel as she lay above the Novelty Works, and also a boat and oars worth $60. He was a hand on board, and had been engaged at $8 a month, and received his advance. The accused, on his part, in his examination at the Police as to the larceny, stated that his name is James Snowden, born in Pennsylvania, that he took the boat for the purpose of escaping from the vessel and tied her to the wharf, is 20 years of age, has lived in Providence, does not know anything about the money. He subsequent to the Habeas Corpus, it will be recollected, pleaded guilty, preferring to go to prison to being returned as a slave.]

—The above from the Court Report of a morning paper, is a fair statement of a case that has been on trial in this city during the past week. Whether the charge of felony and the arrest of Snowden was a mere *ruse* to secure him until his master could come on from Baltimore and claim and recover him as a slave, it is impossible positively to say; but it is certain that there is no proof whatever of his taking the money, and the boat he only used to escape from Capt. Rowland, who had confined him after informing him that he was about to sail for Virginia. Being a fugitive, and fearing a return to a slave State, he used the boat to escape from the schooner and left her at the wharf where he landed. He pleaded guilty to the charge of felony at the risk of being sent to State prison for seven years, preferring that to the risk of being rendered up to the claimant as a slave.

Mr. Jay, who with his usual readiness in all such cases, volunteered his services as counsel for the accused, has succeeded, we are happy to state in getting the writ of *habeas corpus* set aside, and the man who has been compelled to confess himself a criminal, and seek in a prison-cell a refuge from the infernal laws of his country, has one chance more of becoming a freeman when he has served out his time as a convict.

Whether on principle of non-resistance, or with peculiar views of what is called an open meeting, we know not, but no decided opposition seemed to be made by the Abolitionists themselves to this atrocious assault upon the rights of the public; the audience seemed equally paralytic; the police bustled about, increasing the confusion—and riot seemed almost legalized, by the common consent of all the parties interested. Such a total want of self-respect, of proper indignation, of united action in defence of order, and in immediate prostration of the few ruffians who bullied three thousand people into a contemptible cowardice, was never before witnessed. Indeed, coaxing, hand-shaking, and even hearty thanks were bestowed on Rynders by some of the Abolitionists, for the interest he was lending to the meeting! and several of the speakers, in their addresses, as much as acknowledged that they were speaking by his sufferance, and solicited his protection; a degradation to which no perils or policy should have driven them.

—That the press of this city should, almost without exception, speak evil against us, however much it may deprecate the action of the Mob, and that those few exceptions should merely refrain from speaking evil, while they are equally careful not to utter a word in our defence, has in no wise surprised us. The popular press is only the echo of that tone in the popular voice that happens to be loudest. It is made by, and does not make public sentiment. It is not the creator of public morality, but the mere creature of any morality or immorality that happens at the moment to be in favor. An independent newspaper with a large circulation in this country is an unknown thing. Such a paper could not exist for a year if it depended upon subscribers for support. There is not liberty of thought and of speech enough among us to sustain a perfectly free press. The people would not even dare to read such a paper if it were given them—and if that would not prompt them to do it nothing would, for on the principle that a 'penny saved is a penny gained' it would go mightily against the grain in Jonathan not to use a thing he got for nothing. Punch could no more be sustained or endured in this country than Prince Albert. Who, if for no other reason, would be put down here once as an outrageous and extravagant luxury.

But we are quite running away from the extract which tands at the head of the preceding paragraph, and on which we offer a word of comment. The *Christian Inquirer*, from which we copy it, is, it so happens, the one, the only one paper, in all this city, that we looked to to do justice to the Abolitionists in this matter of the mob. The editor of that paper, though he has not seen fit to identify himself with the class of which we are permitted to be a unit, we have been accustomed to look upon as a sincere Abolitionist in his own way, and as one who was doing with his pen, his tongue, and his influence no small work for the cause. We had thought moreover that though not agreeing with us always, in the main we had his sympathy, and that at least we were understood, and our motives appreciated by him, whether approved of or not. We are sorry to find we were mistaken. Though our faith in his good intentions towards the Anti-Slavery, as towards every good cause, is unshaken, we are disappointed to find that he could so misunderstand us, as to thus misrepresent us, or that he could lend his influence to strengthen the calumny invented by pro-slavery people to destroy whatever good might possibly be done by the events of Anniversary week. We did not look to see him chime in with the universal cry against us—a cry raised sometimes through fear of not echoing it, sometimes from real and hearty hatred of Anti-Slavery, but generally from sheer ignorance on the part of those who utter it of what it means. Not one in twenty, we will venture to say, of the editors, sub-editors, and reporters of the daily press of this city know what they mean when they accuse us of infidelity and blasphemy, nor know what we mean in what they call our treason. But from the *Inquirer* we looked for better things. If it said anything of us, we thought, it would not vilify us.

In this case we care enough about the calumny to contradict it. And we, therefore, beg leave to assure the editor of the *Inquirer* that he is altogether mistaken in his representation of the conduct of the Abolitionists at the Tabernacle. If he means by "united action in defence of order" that none of us offered to fight Rynders, it is true enough, but that our action was united and effectual in restoring and maintaining order in spite of Matsell and the mob, the result of the meeting proved most conclusively. That there was any thing like hand-shaking, hearty thanks, and the rest of it, we entirely deny; nothing of the sort was done by those who, on the platform, represented the Anti-Slavery Society. That Rynders' protection was solicited by any of our speakers, we also deny most emphatically and unequivocally. We are quite positive that nothing of the sort was said; nor was it acknowledged in terms, that we remember, that the speaking was by his sufferance, though it might very well have been, for, for some time after the meeting was interrupted, that was the simple truth of the matter, unless we chose to engage in a regular fight with the rioters, for the protection of the police was refused to the meeting. How else would the Inquirer have had us act? Would the Abolitionists have better shown their indignation and self-respect had they trusted to the weight of their fists rather than that of their arguments, had relied more upon the good influence of a knock-down and drag-out, than to the dignified manintenance of their position, and a calm appeal to the good sense and love of order in the audience? Would the editor of the Inquirer have then left the Tabernacle, as we understood, casually, that he did on that day, declaring that '*we*' had had a glorious time and a signal triumph? We hope he will reconsider the injurious imputations he has thrown out against a body of men who, whetever else they may have done in the course of their management of the Anti-Slavery cause, certainly did not combine with Rynders to mob themselves and break up their own meeting.

SPEECH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

AT THE TABERNACLE.

[Reported for the Standard.]

After much interruption and threats from Rynders and his gang, who stood by Mr. Douglass during his speech, as if to deter him from expressing his opinious freely, Mr. D. came forward and said:

There is no danger of our being thrown into confusion by a monkey. Mr. Chairman, our Anti-Slavery principles have made but little progress if to-day's demonstration is to be taken as evidence We are here—I am here, for one, the representative of an enslaved and slandered people. I say I belong to a people so degraded, and so unprotected by law and by public opinion, that almost the lowest and meanest may insult us with impunity. In our community, Sir, at Rochester, we don't know a white man who will so far demean himself as to insult a negro. I throw out this remark in order that you may know in what light I should regard the man who would offer me an insult. The fact is, I, who have endured the whip of the slaveholder, who bear the marks of the lash upon my back, who have been driven to the slave market in the town of Easton, Talbot County, Maryland, and exposed for sale, like a brute beast, to the highest bidder—I cannot well appreciate an insult. Therefore, let no man hope to succeed in insulting me. We have heard all that can be said against the humanity of the negro, from one who deals with the matter scientifically. He (Mr. Grant) does not come here to browbeat, nor to arouse your prejudice; no, he appeals to your understanding; but look at me—look the negro in the face, examine his woolly head, his entire physical conformation; I invite you to the examination, and ask this audience to judge between me and that gentleman (Mr. Grant). Am I a man?

Captain Rynders—"*You* are not a black man; you are only half a nigger."

Mr. Douglass—He is correct; I am, indeed, only half a negro, a half-brother to Mr Rynders (roars of laughter).

Now, here I call for your special attention. Whence am I? From the North or from the South. (A voice, "from the South, decided-ly.") Was I bred among Abolitionists or Slaveholders? Slaveholders! Let me stick a pin here. Yes, the son of a Slaveholder stands before you, by a colored mother—a mother as dearly beloved as though she had been white as the driven snow. I say I am from the South, originated among slaveholders. To whom, then, should you preach amalgamation. From my own experience, I can safely say that the portion of this country given up to wholesale amalgamation lies South of Mason and Dixon's line. The slaveholders believe, and, what is more, protect themselves, in the right to indulge in amalgamation to any extent they may see fit. They have so framed the laws, with regard to their female slaves, that if a black woman should dare to lift her right hand in defence of her virtue, she may be struck dead on the spot.

Capt. Rynders—"It is false; there is no such law in the South."

Mr. Douglass—Yes, in the State of Virginia, there is. If a black man *there* should raise his hand to strike a white man, he may be killed for doing so.

I want this audience to hear one who will follow me (Mr. Phillips). I prefer giving place to another. I feel, however, that it is due to you and to myself to prove my first assertion: that we are not only an enslaved, but a slandered people, everywhere spoken against as low, vicious and degraded, incapable of elevation and improvement. The press of this and other cities have expressed themselves to this effect. We have been declared too low in the scale of humanity, and we have been tauntingly asked, Why we don't leave this country and do something to show ourselves men. And this has been asked by the New York Tribune, a paper from which we might expect anything else. It would be presuming too much on the ignorance of the editor of the Tribune to suppose that he does not know why we ought to leave this country, where we are sold like beasts in the market, stripped of our rights and privileges, and our names, which may be inscribed on the Lamb's Book of Life, sacrilegiously placed on the ledger.

Wherever we move, we are confronted by an almost invincible and overwhelming prejudice that crushes our spiries and prevents us making that progress which those gentleman taunt us with the want of. I say to Mr. Greeley, and all others who taunt us thus, remove the obstacles that lie in our path. I do not wish to be disrepectful to any man, although I have a name for using harsh language. There is no danger of my using such towards persons for whom I cherish the profoundest respect.

Capt. Rynders—"Oh no, certainly not."

Mr. Douglass—No, not even to my half-brother here (Rynders). Those who ask us why we don't learn trades, or do something to make ourselves respectable, do not seem to know the difficulties under which the negro labors from day to day. When I was a slave in the South, and the property of Capt. Auld, I earned for that dear man about $9 a week, at my trade, as a caulker, as well as if my skin were as white as his. But the moment I landed in New Bedford, eleven years ago, and asked for employment, I was told by an anti-slavery ship-builder there, who had a vessel on the stocks to be caulked, that if he should even venture to send me on that ship, every white man would leave him. and he could not get her ready for sea. Go where I would, I could not get employment at my trade. My case was the case of hundreds of fugitives. I am a fugitive, and I glory in the name. Kossuth was a fugitive, you know—another half-brother of mine, said Mr. Douglass, addressing Capt. Rynders. There is a prejudice, however, continued the speaker, against fugitives, even against Daniel Webster—another half-brother of mine.

Capt. Rynders—"He's a three-quarter brother of yours; he's as black as you are."

Mr. Douglass—I say we are compelled by the circumstances of our condition at present to get our living the best way we can in honesty; and I believe, considering the narrow limits into which we are driven—excluded from all trades and avocations—it is a miracle to me that we are as well as we are—that we make as respectable an appearance as we do. The Irishman but recently landed on these shores has greater privileges than are enjoyed by us. We who dwell among you—we who have watered the soil with our tears, and fertilized it with our blood—we only ask you to treat us as well as you treat him. The first blood shed on Bunker's Hill was that of a black man. (A voice, "what color was it?") A little darker than yourself! If you are not indebted to us slaves, to whom are you indebted? Whose labor raised the cotton for the shirts on your backs? Whose labor produced the sugar that sweetens your coffee? The negro's, and well you know it; and we would do more for you, if you would let us. (A voice, "yes, you would cut our throats for us.") No, not cut your throats, but we would cut your hair for you! No; the idea of cutting your throats is out of the question, for we have been handling the razor for half a century, and have not yet cut one. You do not object to the presence of the negro on account of the offensive peculiarity he is said to possess when he appears in the livery of a servant that proves that the condition, not the man, is regarded, and that labor is dishonored. Mr. Grant has told you that we are a doomed race in this country—that we will soon die out—that our powers of procreation are not equal to those of the white man.

Capt. Rynders—"If you are going to speak on that subject, I advise you to address yourself to the ladies."

Mr. Douglass—Let us see how we die out. I believe that at the framing of the Constitution there were 600,000 blacks in this country; now, there are between 3 and 4,000,000. (A voice, "mongrels and all.") Oh, yes, you do mix us up most terribly; the mongrels all belong to you. We differ very materially from the ex tinct races, and those becoming extinct. There is something about the negro so buoyant, so tenacious of life, that it defies the power of oppression to crush him. Load him with chains—make him toil that another may reap the reward of his labor—sell his wife in the market—tear his children from him, and still he lives, and moves, and has his being. Lift your foot from off his neck, and he will smile at you, and try to teach you a lesson of humanity that you would find difficult to learn were it not for the crushed victim that lies writhing at your feet. The Indians, that noble race that once possessed this land, are fast passing from existence; they look upon their home, now the home of the white man; they look, with saddened eye, upon the graves of their fathers, profaned by the careless tread of the stranger; and they see that there is a power working their destruction, and they retreat before it. But the negro does not die out.

Capt. Rynders—"You are in error abont the negro not dying out; they are going fast in the free States.")

Mr. Douglass—He says I am mistaken—that we do not increase in the North—that it is only in the South we increase. I am not certain as to the truth of this. (A voice, "it is true.") Well, and what if it is; it makes no real difference; we are with you at all events, and all efforts to colonize us are in vain, and, with the blessing of God, I say it is my intention to remain with you—not to torture you, nor to do any injury to society, nor harm to any man or good thing. If honesty will do anything for a community, I wish to do my portion; if industry and perseverance be of any account, I want to bring a black man's share to the stock of excellence that exalts a nation. We only want our rights.

It is said that in a state of slavery we increase, and in freedom we decrease. Up in Rochester, they say, the negroes are most shockingly on the increase. If it be true that we are decreasing, why then be uneasy about us. Let us die out without the aid of oppression; let us die a natural death. I have heard something about the descent of the negro. I care not whether I am descended from a man or a monkey. One thing, I have a head to think, and I know that God meant I should exercise the right to think—that I have a heart to feel, and a tongue to speak whatever that heart listeth, and God meant that I should use that tongue in behalf of humanity and justice for every man.

Domestic Correspondence.

LETTER FROM HENRY GREW.

FRIEND GAY: I notice in the statement of the proceedings of our recent meetings, the following paragraph:

"The reading of the first resolution was called for, and being read, was advocated by Henry Grew and Charles C. Burleigh."

—I beg leave to make the following explanation:

I perfectly accord with the sentiment of the resolution, that it is a false allegation to charge "the Anti-Slavery movement" with being of an "infidel" character; but that it is "the special embodiment in this country (or any other) of *whatever* is loyal to God and benevolent to man," I do not believe. True royalty to God and benevolence to man require, not only the maintenance of that *morality* which characterizes "the Anti-Slavery movement," but the belief, practice, and advocacy of the holy doctrine and ordinances of the Son of God revealed in the New Testament of divine love. Christianity is Anti-Slavery, but Anti-Slavery is not necessarily Christianity. Paine, Gibbon, Rosseau and Voltaire were Anti-Slavery men but not Christians. A man may be very sincerely and heartily opposed to Slavery, and, at the same time, be as heartily opposed to the truths of Christianity, which present to a lost and rebel word the only foundation of hope of pardon and Immortality. To be opposed to "*the sum of all vallanies*," and to be reconciled to *the sum of all excellencies*, are not precisely the same attainment. There may be a wide chasm between.

I fully accord with my Anti-Slavery brethren in their testimony to the nominal christian church, that a mere profession of christian faith and outward observances of christian ordinances is not a test of righteous character. The nominal christian church is exhibiting, to a lamentable degree, a similar dereliction of duty and similar principles of pride, covetousness and inhumanity, was manifested by the Jewish church at the first advent of the Messiah. Alas! for such, when he shall come to 'purge his floor, and gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them that do inquity! He who came to ameliorate human wo; 'to proclaim liberty to the captives,' will not allow us to take his Name, to belie it by our spirit and practice. If a man love, not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Bhom he hath not seen?'

The true advocacy of the Anti-Slavery cause requires no disparagement of the doctrines and ordinances of the Christian religion; no invidious comparisons in respect to degrees of importance. The things which are seen and temporal are indeed connected with the things which are not seen—which are eternal. Abstractly considered however, the former are but as the drop of the bucket to the ocean, compared with the latter. I do not question the right of my Anti-Slavery friends to judge and determine for themselves respecting the truth and importance of the doctrines and ordinances of the Christian religion, but I claim my right to protest against all disparagement thereof, as being injurious to the cause we mutually advocate, dishonorable te the Almighty who has given us the Christian revelation, and subversive of the eternal well-being of man.

HENRY GREW.

N. B. Some editors have erroneously stated that I am "of the Society of Friends." I am connected, I hope, with all the true friends of God and man, but with no religious sect.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Sojourn at Bristol.—Abolitionists in that city.—A learned shoemaker.—His cabinet.—His learning.—His difficulties and achievements.—Ragged schools of Bristol.—Carlyle's Latter-day Pamphlets.—Cheever on Capital Punishment.—Cheever's Correspondency.—Mass. Anti-Slavery Report.—Contrast between England and Ireland.—Appearance of Dublin.

DUBLIN, April 12, 1850.

MY DEAR GAY.—In my last I told you that on my return home from London I took Bristol on my way. When I visited the west of England about ten years ago, I travelled by coach and at night, and taking the steamboat at once for Ireland had no time to see anything of the ancient Capital of the south-west of England. On the present occasion I acted with more deliberation, and was rewarded accordingly.

My journey was accomplished by the great Western Railway, and was delightful from the smoothness and rapidity of the motion. It is the very perfection of travelling. The express trains make the distance of 118 miles in two and a half hours. The ordinary trains take an hour more, the stoppages being much more frequent. In Bristol I spent some days as the guest of a gentleman who is well known for his zeal and energy in the Anti-Slavery cause. My acquaintance with him is one of the many pleasures and privileges I owe to my interest in that cause. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit, and had the happiness of being introduced to many with whose names I had long been familiar as sympathisers in your efforts. I doubt if anywhere in the British Islands could be found a circle of men and women more energetic and intelligent in Anti-Slavery matters than in Bristol. Amongst the Bristol Unitarians an American pro-slavery Minister would be sure to find the place too hot to hold him. If similar intelligence and zeal were exhibited by all the other religious bodies in these countries, the American pro-slovery sentiment, impudent and shameless as it is, must shrink appalled before the spirit of righteous indignation that would be evoked against it.

In Clifton, a beautiful and celebrated suburb of Bristol, I was introduced to a Mr. Brown, the most eminent instance I ever met with of the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He was the son of poor parents, who brought him up to the shoemaking business, at which, when quite a boy, he was accustomed to work fifteen hours a day. Yet under these unpromising circumstances, he was smitten from his early childhood with the love of nature in her minuter forms. He has made a collection of about ten thousand natural objects—animal, vegetable, and mineral—which fit into a box about a foot long, seven inches wide, and seven or eight inches deep. These are fastened on bits of card, about one-fourth the size of your finger nail. The mammoth of the collection is an insect little bigger than a house fly, while many of the objects are scarcely visible to the unassisted eye. This collection being regularly classified, and arranged with scientific accuracy, is of great value and interest. The box itself, and the microscope for examining the collection, were made by Mr. Brown himself, his only tools being a shoemaker's knife and a bit of glass for polishing it off. When he succeeded in making his first microscope, he could not sleep for delight and excitement, and when he rose in the morning the first thing he did was to take another peep. Besides all this, he acquired, without assistance, a competent knowledge of Latin, Greek and French. His fame at length reached London, and he was offered a comfortable situation in the British Museum, which he philosophically declined, preferring the independence of his little home in Clifton, with his sister for housekeeper, and the modest competence derived from his shop united to his gains as a lecturer and teacher. His powers of explanation and illustration are said to be quite remarkable. He is nearly fifty years of age, but looks older than he appears, for his habits of intense application are such that they must have worn him down long ago, if he had not been blessed with a strong constitution. He related to me many touching incidents of the difficulties of his early days. He was very poor and very independent. He said it had always been a maxim in his family never to owe a shilling more than twenty-four hours. His parents were very poor and he had no patrons. On one occasion he was obliged to decline buying Adams on the Microscope, which he saw in an old book-shop, because the price was four shillings and six-pence, and he could scrape together only three shillings. He regretted this misfortune for years. His books and shop was picked up in the most hap-hazard way; but his brave heart conquered all difficulties. I thought Mr. Brown a noble moral spectacle of devotion to nature and to science under most discouraging circumstances. I was intensely interested by my visit to him in his humble residence, and am grateful to my friend who procured me such a pleasure. I found that in Bristol, as elsewhere, those who are known for their interest in the Anti-Slavery cause are ever ready to give a helping hand to other good objects. Sometimes these are called "men of one idea"—sometimes they are termed "everythingarians"—yet somehow it is through such people the good is done. The ragged school system has some of its most devoted and munificent supporters in Bristol, and I was gratified by a call I made at the first of these institutions that was attempted there They are established with a view to the rescue of the females of society from the wretched and vicious life to which they are otherwise doomed. The schools are free of charge, and are opened in those districts of the large towns which are frequented by the very dregs of the population. The children are invited to attend, and the utmost gentleness is employed to win them to habits of docility and a love of learning. In the Bristol school, which was opened in the evening, I saw a parcel of big gauky boys who had probably been in the habit of living by thieving and robbery, listening to the instructions of a very little woman, with one of the lowest and sweetest voices I ever heard. Amongst the ladies who devote themselves to this noble institution, are some whose names are like household words amongst the Abolitionists.

In a letter written some weeks ago, I mentioned Carlyle's infamous West Indian article. He has continued consistent in his brutality ever since, having lately commenced the publication of a series of what he calls "Latter-day Pamphlets," in which he raves against prison discipline and the elevation and reformation of criminals. During a journey in the West of Ireland, last Autumn, I was told, by a gentleman who met him in those parts, that his language about our suffering people was so harsh and unfeeling that, on one occasion at least, his friends who accompanied him apologized for the expressions he made use of. But he may be safely left to himself. If he go on as he has begun, he will very shortly annihilate his own influence, and leave his reputation past praying for.

I thank you for your present of "Chever on Capital Punishment," which exactly jumps with my desire to see the best arguments that appear on behalf of any bad cause Chever is, I believe, the Boanerges of the gallows, and has succeeded better than any one else in reconciling the hangman's office with the requisitions of Holy Writ and an enlightened humanity. I never see his "Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadows of Mount Blanc," or his "Commentary on the Pilgrim's Progress," in the bookseller's shops, without thinking of capital punishment and all its accessaries. In fact, Chever and Jack Ketch are convertible terms in my vocabulary. No offence need be taken by either; for if the theory be right, the practice cannot be discreditable.

I have just read the Eighteenth Report of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society with delight and approbation. It is not one of those books which are no books. Whilst perusing its pages, I could not but rejoice in the hopes of the Abolitionists—I could not but sympathize in the consciousness they must feel that, no matter how the Great Republic may belie its early promise, and trample in the dust its boasted principles, they at least have done and are doing their duty to the tyrants of the United States, and their victims.

Every time I leave this poor country, I feel my eyes more widely opened to the tremendous contrast between our condition and that of our neighbors. In Liverpool, Manchester, and the Northern towns of England, the proportion of Irish in the population is very large, and it is mostly of the poorer sort, so that the difference is not so great as you see it further South. Still, whatever part of England you come from, it is deplorable to witness the pauperized, ragged, shiftless aspect of our poor people, the general absence of that neatness and tidiness which are so eminently characteristic of England, the want of the completeness, finish and compactness which so charm you there—the number of houses "to be let" in the towns, and, in Dublin, the long streets of sleepy-looking, tumble-down habitations, the long lines of shops, with half nothing in them, the multitude of men with their hands in their pockets, the troops of raggermuffin, lazy boys and girls, with nothing to do, and the frowzy, draggled aspect of much that you see. Thackery, in his racy and witty "Irish Sketch Book," published under the assumed name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, has described this peculiar feature of Ireland to the very life—or very death, whichever you please. Some of us are angry, and say that he caricatures us. I would be glad if I could be of this opinion. The more I see of our mournful inferiority, the more indignantly I look back on the terrible curse of oppression and misgovernment that has made us what we are. It is my persuasion that nearly all the present evils of Ireland, including the paralyzing ascendancy of popery, are to be traced to these sources. I know that, whilst this must be admitted, it is better to endeavor to remedy the mischief than to bewail its existence. But I also know that one must live in Ireland in order fully to appreciate the disadvantages under which we still laber, and the difficulties that must be cleared away ere the Irish in Ireland can become a happy, prosperous, united and enlightened people.

Yours truly, RICH'D D. WEBB.

General Intelligence.

A Convention of the friends of Peace was held at Cleveland, Ohio last week, and appointed J. R Giddings and J. C Vaughn as Delegates to the World's Convention to be held at Frankfort.

COLORED SONS OF TEMPERANCE IN BOSTON.—The Charter Committee of the Sons of Temperance had some division about granting a charter to signers from Watertown, on account of two colored men being members; but they finally decided to give them a charter.—*Boston Traveller.*

MEDICAL CONVENTION IN CINCINNATI.—Dr. Warren of Boston, delivered an address before the Medical Convention recently in session at Cincinnati. The *Gazette* says that after referring to the last meeting and some business matters the Doctor glanced rapidly at the Medical Reform during the last half century, noticing the falling off of confidence among the profession generally in the use of the lancet, and of calomel in all diseases. He spoke of cold water as a remedial agent judiciously applied, and advocated decidedly the advantage of ether in surgical operations. He preferred ether to chloroform. Nearly two hundred delegates had been recorded, and the *Gazette* learns that there were over three hundred in the city, numbering among them many of the leading men of the old school profession in the United States.

AMERICAN LEAGUE OF HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.—The Convention of the members of the League, in progress at Worcester, has elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—ELIHU BURRITT.

Vice Presidents—Samuel Fessenden, Maine; Samuel E. Cones, N. H.; S. W. Boardman, Vt.; M. G Thomas, Mass.; Moses Pierce, Conn.; Martin Cheney, R. I.; Gerritt Smith, N. Y.; C. D Cleveland, Pa.; Hamilton Hill, O.; Hobart Williams, Ga.; L. Eastman, Ind.; C. S. Sholes, Wis.; Wm. Hosford, Mich.; A. H. Brown, N. J.; Morgan Rhese, Del.

Corresponding Secretary—Amasa Walker.

Home Secretary and General Agent—Rev. Elnathan Davis.

Treasurer—Anthony Chase.

Recording Secretary—Thomas Drew, Jr.

On Tuesday evening, the following Resolutions, expressive of the sense of the Convention, were adopted:

Resolved, That the principles of peace are the principles of Christianity, and that it is the duty of every philanthrópist, patriot and Christian to labor for their diffusion among all communities and nations.

Resolved, That this meeting fully approves of the proceedings and objects of the recent Peace Congress at Paris, and of the proposition to hold another of the same character at Frankfort, Germany, in the month of August next.

A petition signed by twenty-five persons of color, was presented to the Constitution Convention sitting in Ohio on Monday last, praying for equal political privileges. A Mr Roll objected to the reception of this petition and demanded the yeas and nays, which resulted 76 yeas and 26 nays.

RROF. STUART AND DANIEL WEBSTER.—The *Lowell Courier* remarks that it is said Prof. Stuart of Andover is preparing a defence of Mr Webster. The Professor was the author of a series of able articles in his defence when he was censured for remaining in the Tyler Cabinet.

Mr. Webster made a visit to Prof. Stuart, last week.

COST OF RIOTS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The *Philadelphia Inquirer* says: From official sources, we learn that the following sums have been paid by the County of Philadelphia for riots, pay of military and civil posse, since the year 1842 up to 1849, inclusive:

1842	Lombard and St. Mary st. riots,	$6.363 50
1843	Kensington, pay of military, &c.	790 76
1843	Harper's brick yard,	22 50
1845	Damages from riots, pay of military, &c.	33 301 24
1846	Riot in Southwark, 1844	7 647 91
1846	Riot in Kensington, 1844	23 421 66
1847	Claims of troops,	8,000 09
1848	Judgment for damages in late riots,	53,398 69
1849	do do do	34,815 59
	Total	$172,866 84

MARRIAGES.

PARKMAN—BIGELOW.—On the 13th inst., at King's Chapel, Boston, by Rev Dr. Peabody, Francis Parkman, Jr., to Catharine Scollay, daughter of Dr. Jacob Bigelow.

ADAMS—BRACKETT.—In Easthampton, May 15, Rev. N. Adams, D. D., of Boston, to Miss Sarah Williston Brackett, of E.

DEATHS.

SAVAGE.—In Boston, May 11, Lucy, youngest daughter of Hon. James Savage, aged 20.

THOMAS.—In Plymouth, Mass., May 7. Madam Isabella, relict of Hon. Joshua Thomas, Judge of Probate for the county of P., 86 years.

SKY.—At Tonawanda, April 24, John Blue Sky, Town-yegar-na, acting Sachem of the Hawk tribe of Senecas, 77 years.

CROZIER.—At Roxbury, Vt., Mrs. Crozier, aged 107 years.

DEMAR.—At Norfolk, Va., Dinah, a negress at the age of *one hundred and twenty three years.* She was a servant in a family residing at the Great Bridge, when the memorable battle was fought there in 1775, between Colonel Woodford's Virginia troops and the British Grenadiers under Captain Fordyce, and was at that time a grandmother, a fact which attests her age. She was blind for a number of years, but recovered her sight when past her hundredth year, so that she could see to thread a cambric needle; and having lost all her teeth, she cut an entire new set about the same time. She was remarkably sprightly and industrious to the last.

NEW ENGLAND A. S CONVENTION.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention will hold its Annual Meeting in Boston, on TUESDAY, May 28th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing in session, day and evening, (as usual,) for three days,—Hitherto, unequalled among all the anniversary meetings, whatever their object or wherever held in this country, in regard to the interest awakened by it, and the absorbing nature of its proceedings, there is every reason to believe its reputation will be heightened and the attendance upon it augmented at its approaching anniversary. Of the many crises that have arisen since the Anti-Slavery agitation was commenced, the present is obviously the most stirring and momentous, and therefore an unprecedented mustering of the friends of Freedom and Emancipation should be witnessed on hat occasion.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

EDMUND QUINCY, *Secretary.*

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

At the instance of the Bucks County Anti-Slavery Society, Parker Pillsbury, of New Hampshire, an able and well tried advocate in the cause of human rights, will devote two week's time in this county, in lecturing; and arrangements have been made for meetings at the following places:

Sixth day, 24th, Attleborough, at 7 P. M.
Seventh day, 25th Newtown, Annual Meeting Bucks County Anti Slavery Society.
First day, 26th, " " "

Persons interested in these meetings of reform are earnestly invited to spread information through schools and such other means as can be employed in their respective vicinities. M. B. LINTON,

On behalf of the Committee of Arrangements.

GREAT AGRICULTURAL WORK!

The Farmer's Guide

TO

SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

BY HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S. E.,

Author of the "Book of the Farm," Editor of the "Quarterly Journal of Agriculture," &c., &c., assisted by JOHN F. NORTON, A. M., Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, New Haven, Author of Agricultural Prize Essays, &c., &c.

THIS highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of ploughing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short, the *pictorial* feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of agriculture.

THIS great work is the joint production of two of the most talented agricultural scholars of the day; the one eminent as an author and editor in Great Britain, and the other as a Professor in Yale College. Both are eminently practical as well as scientific men, and all they say may be relied on as the result of profound research, tested and sustained by practical experiment. The contributions of Professor Norton are chiefly designed to adapt the British portion of the book to this country, and thus to make it an Anglo-American work, giving to its readers all the really useful agricultural knowledge at present attainable in either country.

The work is divided into four departments, distinguished by the four seasons of the year, commencing with Winter, and Professor Norton's notes will be published as an appendix to each part. The first chapter treats of the following subjects, under the head of

INITIATION.

On the best of the existing Methods for acquiring a thorough knowledge of practical Husbandry.
On the Difficulties to be encountered in learning Practical Husbandry, and on the Means of overcoming them.
On the different kinds of Farming.
On the Persons required to Conduct and Execute the Labor of the Farm.
On the Branches of Science most applicable to Agriculture.
On the Institutions of Education best suited to Agricultural Science.
On the Evils attending the neglect of Landowners and others to learn practical Agriculture.
On observing the details and recording the facts of Farming by the Agricultural Student.

TERMS OF THE WORK.—The American edition, the first number of which is already issued, will be published in semi-monthly numbers of 64 pages, with an English steel engraving in each number, of which there will be about 22 in all. Price 25 cents per Number, or $5 in advance for the 22 Numbers.

CLUBBING.

Three Copies will be sent to one address for $12; Four Copies for $15; Five Copies for $18. Cash in all such cases to be remitted *direct* to the Publishers, and *not* through Agents.

The work can be sent in Numbers at periodical rates of postage, and mail remittances may be made at the risk of the Publishers.

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Poetry.

LINES

TO WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

The flowers unto the sunlight,
And the leaf unto the air,
And the fainting, fervent whisper
Of an infant-lip in prayer,
All things clinging to the stronger,
To the merciful and-brave:
So, upon *thy* being leaneth
The faint spirit of the slave.
That shackle, harshly clanking,
Breaks the music of our dreams,
And his life-blood stains the ripple
Of our rushing Southern streams.

I have drawn life's pleasant curtain
Round my shrinking spirit long;
And to hush earth's harshest discord,
Have I bathed my soul in song:
Thus, whilst knelt in meek thanksgiving,
With the holy hovering round,
Have I lifted fervent breathing
For the crushed, and chained, and bound—
For I could but pray and pity,
And breathe my woman's sigh,
Like a sadden'd, nerveless zephyr,
Born but to breathe, and die.

But thou, whose fire-tongue kindles
All the God-like powerful mind,
Through whom the great All-Teacher
Speaketh unto human-kind,
Whose *high soul* brooks no fetters,
Nor stoopeth from the right,
And whose words, like winged arrows,
Scathe the errors in their flight,
Rouse this nerveless, slumbering nation!
Break the shackles from the slave!
And the King of Kings shall crown thee
On the sunny side the wave.

M.

Miscellany.

A TALE OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

An alderman of the ancient borough of Beetlebury, and churchwarden of the parish of St. Wulfstan's in the said borough, Mr. Blenkinsop might have been called, in the language of the sixteenth century, a man of worship. This title would probably have pleased him very much, it being an obsolete one, and he entertaining an extraordinary regard for all things obsolete, or thoroughly deserving to be so. He looked up with profound veneration to the griffins which formed the water spouts of St. Wulfstan's Church, and he almost worshipped an old boot under the name of a black jack, which on the affidavit of a foresworn broker, he had bought for a for a drinking vessel of the sixteenth century. Mr. Blenkinsop even more admired the wisdom of our ancestors than he did their furniture and fashions. He believed that none of their statutes and ordinances could be improved on, and in this persuasion had petitioned Parliament against every just or merciful change, which, since he had arrived at man's estate, had been made in the laws. He had successfully opposed all the Beetlebury improvements, gas, waterworks, infant schools, mechanics' institute, and library. He had been active in an agitation against any measure for the improvement of the public health, and being a strong advocate of intramural interment, was instrumental in defeating an attempt to establish a pretty cemetery outside Beetlebury.—He had successfully resisted a project for removing the pig-market from the middle of the High Street. Through his influence the shambles, which were corporation property, had been allowed to remain where they were; namely close to the town Hall, and immediately under his own and his brethren's noses. In short he had regulary, consistently, and nobly done his best to frustrate every scheme that was proposed for the comfort and advantage of his fellow creatures. For this conduct, he was highly esteemed and respected, and, indeed, his hostility to any interference with disease, had procured him the honor of a public testimonial;—shortly after the presentation of which, with several neat speeches, the cholera broke out in Beetlebury.

The truth is, that Mr. Blenkinsop's views on the subject of public health and popular institutions were supposed to be economical (though they were in truth, desperately costly), and so pleased some of the rate-payers. Besides he withstood ameliorations, and defended nuisances and abuses with all the heartiness of an actual philanthropist. Moreover, he was a jovial fellow,—a boon companion; and his love of antiquity leant particularly towards old ale and old port wine. Of both of these beverages he had been partaking rather largely at a visitation-dinner, where, after the retirement of the bishop and his clergy, festivities were kept up till late, under the presidency of the deputy registrar. One of the last to quit the Crown and Mitre was Mr. Blenkinsop.

He lived in a remote part of the town, whither, as he did not walk exactly in a right line, it may be allowable, perhaps to say that he bent his course.—Many of the dwellers in Beetlebury High-street, awakened at at half-past twelve on that night by somebody passing below, singing, not very distinctly,

'With a jolly full bottle let each man be armed,'

were indebted little as they may have suspected it, to Alderman Blenkinsop, for their serenade.

In his homeward way stood the Market Cross: a fine midæval structure, supported on a series of circular steps by a groined arch, which served as a canopy to the stone figure of an ancient burgess. This was the effigies of Wynkyn de Vokes, once Mayor of Beetlebury, and a great benefactor to the town; in which he had founded almshouses and a grammar school, A. D. 1440. The post was formerly occupied by St. Wulfstan; but De Vokes had been removed from the Town Hall in Cromwell's time, and promoted to the vacant pedestal, *vice* Wulfstan, demolished. Mr. Blenkinsop highly revered this work of art, and he now stopped to take a view of it by moonlight. In that doubtful glimmer it seemed almost life-like. Mr. Belkinsop had not much imagination, yet he could well nigh fancy he was looking upon the veritable Wynkyn, with his bonnet, beard, furred gown, and staff, and his great book under his arm. So vivid was this impression, that it impelled him to apostrophise the statute.

'Fine old fellow!' said Mr. Blenkinsop. 'Rare old buck! We shall never look upon your like, again. Ah! the good old times—the jolly good old times! No times like the good old times—my ancient worthy. No such times as the good old times!'

'And pray, Sir, what times do you call the good old times?' in distinct and deliberate accents, answered—according to the positive affirmation of Mr. Blenkinsop, subsequently made before divers witnesses—the Statue.

Mr. Blenkinsop is sure that he was in the perfect possession of his senses. He is certain that he was not the dupe of ventriloquism, or any other illusion. The value of these convictions must be a question between him and the world, to whose perusal the facts of his tale, simply as stated by himself, are here submitted.

When first he heard the Statue speak, Mr. Blenkinsop says, he certainly experienced a kind of sudden shock, a momentary feeling of consternation.—But this soon abated in a wonderful manner. The Statue's voice was quite mild and gentle—not in the least grim—had no funeral twang in it, and was quite different from the tone a statute might be expected to take by anybody who had derived his notions on that subject from having heard the representative of the class in 'Don Giovanni.'

'Well; what times do you mean by the good old times?' repeated the Statue quite familiarly. The churchwarden was able to reply with some composure, that such a question coming from such a quarter had taken him a little by surprise.

'Come, come, Mr. Blenkinsop,' said the Statue, 'dont be astonished. 'Tis half-past twelve, and a moonlight night, as your favorite police, the sleepy and infirm old watchman, says. Don't you know that we statues are apt to speak when spoken to, at these hours? Collect yourself. I will help you to answer my own question. Let us go back step by step; and allow me to lead you. To begin. By the good old times, do you mean the reign of George the Third?

'The last of them, Sir,' replied Mr. Blenkinsop, very respectfully, I am inclined to think, were seen by the people who lived in those days.'

'I should hope so,' the Statue replied. 'Those the good old times? What! Mr. Blenkinsop, when men were hanged by dozens, almost weekly, for paltry thefts. When a nursing woman was dragged to the gallows with a child at her breast, for shoplifting, to the value of a shilling. When you lost your American colonies, and plunged into war with France, which to say nothing of the useless bloodshed it cost, has left you saddled with the national debt. Surely you will not call these the good old times, will you Mr. Blenkinsop?'

'Not exactly, Sir; no: on reflection I don't know that I can,' answered Mr. Blenkinsop. He had now—it was such a civil, well-spoken statue—lost all sense of the preternatural horror of his situation, and scratched his head just as if he had been posed in argument by an ordinary mortal.

'Well, then,' resumed the Statue, 'my dear Sir, shall we take the two or three reigns preceding.—What think you of the then existing state of prisons and prison discipline? Unfortunate debtors confined indiscriminately with felons in the midst of filth, vice, and misery unspeakable. Criminals under sentence of death tippling in the condemned cell with the Ordinary for their pot companion. Flogging a common punishment of women convicted of larceny. What say you of the times when London streets were absolutely dangerous, and the passenger ran the risk of being hustled and robbed even in the day-time? When not only Hounslow and Bagshot Heath, but the public roads swarmed with robbers, and a stage-coach was as frequently plundered as a hen-roost.—When indeed, "the road" was esteemed the legitimate resource of a gentleman in difficulties, and a highwayman was commonly called "Captain"—if not respected accordingly. When cock-fighting, bear-baiting and bull-baiting were popular, nay, fashionable amusements. When the bulk of the landed gentry could barely read and write, and divided their time between fox-hunting and guzzling. When a duellist was a hero, and it was an honor to have "killed your man." When a gentleman could hardly open his mouth without uttering a profane or filthy oath. When the country was continually in peril of civil war through a disputed succession; and two murderous insurrections, followed by more murderous executions, actually took place. This era of inhumanity, shamelessness, brigandage, brutality, and personal and political insecurity, what say you of it, Mr. Blenkinsop? Do you regard this wig and pigtail period as constituting the good old times, respected friend?

'There was Queene Anne's golden reign, Sir,' deferentially suggested Mr. Blenkinsop.

'A golden reign!' exclaimed the Statue. 'A reign of favoritism and court trickery at home, and profitless war abroad. The time of Bolingbroke's, and Harley's, and Churchill's intrigues. The reign of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough and of Mrs. Masham. A golden fiddlestick! I imagine you must go farther back yet for your good old times, Mr. Blenkinsop.'

'Well,' answered the churchwarden, 'I suppose I must, Sir, after what you say.'

'Take William the Third's rule," pursued the Statue. 'War, war again; nothing but war. I don't think you'll particularly call these the good old times. Then what will you say to those of James the Second? Were they the good old times when Judge Jefferies sat on the bench? When Monmouth's rebellion was followed by the Bloody Assize—When the King tried to set himself above the law, and lost his crown in consequence—Does your worship fancy that these were the good old times?'

Mr. Blenkinsop admitted that he could not very well imagine that they were.

'Were Charles the Second's the good old times?' demanded the Statue. 'With a court full of riot and debauchery—a palace much less decent than any modern casino—whilst Scotch Covenanters were having their legs crushed in the "Boots," under the auspices and personal superintendence of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The time of Titus Oates, Bedloe, and Dangerfield, and their shamplots, with the hangings, drawings, and quarterings, on perjured evidence, that followed them. When Russel and Sydney were judicially murdered. The time of the Great Plague and Fire of London. The public money wasted by roguery and embezzlement, while sailors lay starving in the streets for want of their just pay; the Dutch about the same time burning our ships in the Medway. My friend, I think you will hardly call the scandalous monarchy of the "Merry Monarch" the good old times.'

'I feel the difficulty which you suggest, Sir, owned Mr. Blenkinsop.

'Now, that a man of your loyalty,' pursued the Statue, 'should identify the good old times with Cromwell's Protectorate, is of course out of the question,'

'Decidedly, Sir!' exclaimed Mr. Blenkinsop. 'He shall not have a statue, though you enjoy that honor,' bowing.

'And yet,' said the Statue, 'with all its faults, this era was perhaps no worse than any we have discussed yet. Never mind! It was a dreary, cant-ridden one, and if you don't think those England's palmy days, neither do I. There's the previous reign then. During the first part of it, there was the king endeavoring to assert arbitrary power.

During the latter, the Parliament were fighting against him in the open field. What ultimately became of him I need not say. At what stage of King Charles the First's career did the good old times exist, Mr Alderman? I need barely mention the Star Chamber and poor Prynne; and I merely allude to the fate of Strafford and of Laud. On consideration, should you fix the good old times anywhere thereabouts?'

'I am afraid not, indeed, Sir,' Mr. Blenkinsop responded, tapping his forehead.

'What is your opinion of James the First's reign? Are you enamoured of the good old times of the Gunpowder Plot? or when Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded? or when hundreds of poor miserable old woman were burnt alive for witchcraft, and the royal wiseacre on the throne wrote as wise a book, in defence of the execrable superstition through which they suffered?'

Mr. Blenkinsop confessed himself obliged to give up the times of James the First.

'Now, then,' continued the Statue, 'we come to Elizabeth.'

'There I've got you!' interrupted Mr. Blenkinsop, exultingly. 'I beg your pardon, Sir,' he added, with a sense of the freedom he had taken; 'but everybody talks of the times of Good Queen Bess, you know!'

'Ha, ha!' laughed the Statue, not at all like Zamiel, or Don Guzman, or a paviour's rammer, but really with unaffected gaiety. 'Everybody sometimes says very foolish things. Suppose Everybody's lot had been cast under Elizabeth! How would Everybody have relished being subject to the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Commission, with its power of imprisonment, rack, and torture? How would Everybody have liked to see his Roman Catholic and Dissenting fellow-subjects, butchered, fined, and imprisoned for their opinions; and charitable ladies butchered, too, for giving them shelter in the sweet compassion of their hearts? What would Everybody have thought of the murder of Mary Queen of Scots? Would Everybody, would Anybody, would *you*, wish to have lived in these days, whose emblems are cropped ears, pillory, stocks, thumbscrews, gibbet, axe, chopping-block, and Scavenger's daughter? Will you take your stand upon this stage of History for the good old times, Mr. Blenkinsop?'

'I should rather prefer firmer and safer ground, to be sure, upon the whole,' answered the worshipper of antiquity, dubiously.

'Well now,' said the Statue, 'tis getting late, and, unaccustomed as I am to conversational speaking, I must be brief. Were those the good old times when Sanguinary Mary roasted bishops, and lighted the fires of Smithfield? When Henry the Eighth, the British Bluebeard, cut his wives' heads off, and burnt Catholic and Protestant at the same stake? When Richard the Third smothered his nephews in the Tower? When the Wars of the Roses deluged the land with blood? When Jack Cade marched upon London? When we were disgracefully driven out of France under Henry the Sixth, or, as disgracefully, went marauding there, under Henry the Fifth? Were the good old times those of Northumberland's rebellion? Of Richard the Second's assassination? Of the battles, burnings, massacres, cruel tormentings, and atrocities, which form the sum of the Plantagenet reigns? Of John's declaring himself the Pope's vassal, and performing dental operations on the Jews? Of the Forest Laws and Curfew under the Norman kings? At what point of this series of bloody and cruel annals will you place the times which you praise? Or do your good old times extend over all that period when somebody or other was constantly committing high treason, and there was a perpetual exibition of heads on London Bridge and Temple Bar!

It was allowed by Mr. Blenkinsop that either alternative presented considerable difficulty.

'Was it in the good old times that Harold fell at Hastings, and William the Conqueror enslaved England? Were those blissful years the ages of monkery; of Odo and Dunstan bearding monarchs and branding queens? Of Danish ravage and slaughter? Or were they those of the Saxon Heptarchy, and the worship of Thor and Odin? Of the advent of Hengist and Horsa? Of British subjugation by the Romans? Or, lastly, must we go back to the Ancient Britons, Druidism, and human sacrifices; and say that those were the real, unadulterated, genuine, good old times when the true-blue natives of this island went naked, painted with woad?'

'Upon my word, Sir,' said Mr. Blenkinsop, after the observations that I have heard from you this night, I acknowledge that I *do* feel myself rather at a loss to assign a precise period to the times in question.'

'Shall I do it for you?' asked the Statue.

'If you please, Sir. I should be very much obliged if you would,' replied the bewildered Blenkinsop, greatly relieved.

'The best times,' Mr. Blenkinsop,' said the Statue, 'are the oldest. They are the wisest; for the older the world grows the more experience it acquires. It is older now than ever it was. The oldest and best times the world has yet seen are the present. These, so far as we have yet gone, are the genuine good old times, Sir.'

'Indeed, Sir?' ejaculated the astonished Alderman.

'Yes, my good friend. These are the best times that we know of—bad as the best may be. But in proportion to their defects, they afford room for amendment. Mind that, Sir, in the future exercise of your municipal and political wisdom. Don't continue to stand in the light which is gradually illuminating human darkness. The Future is the date of that happy period which your imagination has fixed in the Past. It will arrive when all shall do what is right; hence none shall suffer what is wrong. The true good old times are yet to come.'

'Have you any idea when, Sir?' Mr. Blenkinsop inquired, modestly.

'That is a little beyond me,' the Statue answered.' 'I cannot say how long it will take to convert the Blenkinsops. I devoutly wish you may live to see them. And with that, I wish you good night, Mr. Blenkinsop.'

'Sir,' returned Mr. Blenkinsop with a profound bow, 'I have the honour to wish you the same.' Mr. Blenkinsop returned home an altered man. This was soon manifest. In a few days he astonished the Corporation by proposing the appointment of an Officer of Health to preside over the sanitary affairs of Beetlebury. It had already transpired that he had consented to the introduction of lucifer-matches into his domestic establishment, in which previously, he had insisted on sticking to the old tinder box. Next, to the wonder of all Beetlebury, he was the first to propose a great new school, and to sign a requisition that a county penitentiary might be established for the reformation of juvenile offenders. The last account of him is that he has not only become a subscriber to the mechanics' institute, but that he actually presided thereat, lately, on the occasion of a lecture on Geology.

The remarkable change which has occurred in Mr. Blenkinsop's views and principles, he himself refers to his conversation with the Statue, as above related. That narrative, however, his fellow townsmen receive with incredulous expressions, accompanied by gestures and grimaces of like import. They hint, that Mr. Blenkinsop had been thinking for himself a little, and only wanted a plausible excuse for recanting his errors. Most of his fellow aldermen believe him mad; nel less on account of his new moral and political sentiments, so very different from their own, than of his Statue story. When it has been suggested to them that he has only had his spectacles cleaned, and has been looking about him, they shake their heads, and say that he had better have left his spectacles alone, and that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a good deal of dirt quite the contrary. *Their* spectacles have never been cleaned, they say, and any one may see they don't want cleaning.

The truth seems to be, that Mr. Blenkinsop has found an altogether new pair of spectacles, which enable him to see in the right direction. Formerly, he could only look backwards; he now looks forwards to the grand object that all human eyes should have in view—progressive improvement.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

The following articles, which we find in the *London Examiner*, are credited, we observe, to Harriet Martineau:

HOW TO MAKE HOME UNHEALTHY.

For the writer who now proposes to address to you, O excellent public, through our columns, a series of practical hints as to how to make home unhealthy, we would not have you think that he means to be in any respect so troublesome as sanitary instructors. The lion on your knocker gives him confidence; he will leave no disconcerting messages; he will seek to come into your parlor as a friend. A friend he is, for, with a polite sincerity, he will maintain in all his arguments that what you do is what ought always to be done. He knows well that you are not foolish, and perceives, therefore, what end you have in view. He sees that you are impressed deeply with a conviction of the vanity of life; that you desire accordingly to prove your wisdom, by exhibiting contempt for that which philosopher after philosopher forbids a thoughtful man to cherish. You would be proud to have unhealthy homes. Lusty carcases, they are for coarse folk and for the heathen; civilization forbids us to promote animal development. How can a man look spiritual if he be not sickly? How can a woman—Is not Paris the mode? Go, weigh an elegant Parisienne against a peasant girl from Normandy. It is here proposed, therefore, to honor your discretion by demonstrating publicly how right you are. Some of the many methods by which one may succeed in making the home unhealthy will be here detailed to you, in order that as we go on you may congratulate yourself on feeling how extremely clever you already are in your arrangements. Here is a plain purpose. If any citizen, listening to such lessons, think himself wise, and yet is one who, like good M. Jourdain in the comedy, *n'applaudit qu'a contretemps*, to such a citizen it is enough to say, "May much good come of his perversity."

NO. I. HINTS TO HANG UP IN A NURSERY.

In laying a foundation of ill health it is a great point to be able to begin at the beginning. You have the future man at excellent advantage when he is between your fingers as a baby. One of Hoffman's heroines, a clever housewife, discarded and abhorred her lover from the moment of his cutting a yeast dumpling. There are some little enormities of that kind which really cannot be forgiven, and one such is to miss the opportunity of physicking a baby. Now I will tell you how to treat the future pale-face at his first entrance into life.

A little while before the birth of any child have a little something ready in a spoon, and after birth be ready at the first opportunity to thrust this down his throat. Let his first gift from his fellow-creatures be a dose of physic—honey and calomel, or something of that kind; but you had better ask the nurse for a prescription. Have ready, also, before birth an abundant stock of pins, for it is a great point, in putting the first dress upon the little naked body, to contrive that it should contain as many pins as possible. The prick of a sly pin is excellent for making children cry, and since it may lead nurses, mothers, and now and then even doctors, to administer physic for the cure of imaginary gripings in the bowels, it may be twice blessed. Sanitary enthusiasts are apt to say that strings, not pins, are the right fastening for infants' clothes. Be not misled. Is not the pincushion an ancient institution? What is to say—"Welcome, little stranger," if pins cease to do so? Resist this innovation. It is the small end of the wedge. The next thing that a child would do, if let alone, would be to sleep. I would not suffer that. The poor thing must want feeding; therefore waken it and make it eat a sop, for that will be a pleasant joke at the expense of nature. It will be like wakening a gentleman after midnight to put into his mouth some pickled herring; only the baby cannot thank you for your kindness as the gentleman might do.

This is a golden rule concerning babies—to procure sickly growth let the child always suckle. Attempt no regularity in nursing. It is true that if an infant be fed at the breast every four hours, it will fall into the habit of desiring food only so often, and will sleep very tranquilly during the interval. This may save trouble, but it is a device for rearing healthy children: we discard it. Our infants shall be nursed in no new-fangled way. As for the child's crying, quiet costs eighteen pence a bottle; so that argument is very soon disposed of.

Never be without a flask of Godfrey's Cordial, or Daffy, in the nursery; but the fact is, that you ought to keep a medicine chest. A good deal of curious information may be obtained by watching the effects of various medicines on your children.

Never be guided by the child's teeth in weaning it. Wean before the first teeth cut, or after they have learned to bite. Wean all at once, with bitter aloes, or some similar devices; and change the diet suddenly. It is a foolish thing to ask a medical attendant how to regulate the food of children: he is sure to be overrun with bookish prejudices; but nurses are practical women who understand thoroughly matters of this kind.

Do not use a cot for infants, or presume beyond the time-honored institution of the cradle. Active rocking sends a child to sleep by causing giddiness. Giddiness is a disturbance of the blood's usual way of circulation; obviously, therefore, it is a thing to aim at in our nurseries. For elder children, swinging is an excellent amusement, if they become giddy on the swing.

In your nursery a maid and two or three children may conveniently be quartered for the night, by all means carefully secured from draughts. Never omit to use at night a chimney board. The nursery window ought not to be much opened; and the door should be kept always shut, in order that the clamor of the children may not annoy others in your house.

When children walk out for an airing, of course they are to be little ladies and gentlemen. They are not to scamper to and fro; a little gentle amble with a hoop ought to be their severest exercise. In sending them to walk abroad it is a good thing to let their legs be bare. The gentleman papa, probably, would find bare legs rather cold walking in the streets of London: but the gentleman son, of course, has quite another constitution. Besides, how can a boy, not predisposed that way, hope to grow up consumptive, if some pains are not taken with him in his childhood?

It is said that of old time children in the Balearic Islands were not allowed to eat their dinner until by adroitness in the shooting of stones out of a sling they had dislodged it from a rafter in the house. Children in the British Islands should be better treated. Let them not only have their meals unfailingly, but let them be at all other times tempted and bribed to eat. Cakes and sweatmeats of alluring shape and color, fruits, and palatable messes, should, without any regularity, be added to the diet of a child. The stomach we know requires three or four hours to digest a meal, expects a moderate routine of tasks, and between each task looks for a little period of rest. Now, as we hope to create a weak digestion, what is more obvious than that we must use artifice to circumvent the stomach? In one hour we must come upon it unexpectedly with a dose of fruit and sugar; then, if the regular dinner have been taken, astonish the digestion while at work upon it with an appearance of an extra lump of cake and presently some gooseberries. In this way we soon triumph over nature, who, to speak truth, does not permit us an easy victory, and tries to accommodate her working to our whims. We triumph, and obtain our reward in children pale and polite, children with appetites already formed that will become our good allies against their health in after life.

Principiis obsta. Let us subdue mere nature at her first start, and make civilized in her beginnings. Let us wipe the rose-tint out of the child's cheek, in good hope that the man will not be able to recover it. White, yellow, and purple, let us make them to be his future tricolor.

NO. II. THE LONDONER'S GARDEN.

Brick walls do not secrete air. It comes in through your doors and windows, from the streets and alleys in your neighborhood; it comes in without scraping its feet, and goes down your throat unwashed, with small respect for your gentility. You must look abroad, therefore, for some elements of an unwholesome home; and when, sitting at home, you do so, it is a good thing if you can see a burial-ground—one of "God's gardens," which our city cherishes,

Now, do not look up with a dolorous face, saying, "Alas! these gardens are to be taken from us!" Let agitators write, and let Commissioners report, let Government nod its good-will, and although all the world may think that our London burial-grounds are about to be incontinently jacketed in asphalte, and that we ourselves, when dead, are to be steamed off to Erith,—we are content: at present this is only gossip. On one of the lowest terraces of hell, says Dante, he found a Cordelier who had been dragged thither by a logical demon in defiance of the expostulations of St. Francis. The sin of that monk was a sentence of advice, for which absolution had been received before he gave it: 'Promise much, and perform little.' In the hair of any minister's head, and of every Commissioner's head, we know not what 'black cherubim' may have entwined their claws. There is hope, while there is life, for the old cause. But if those who have authority to do so really have determined to abolish intramural burial, let us call upon them solemnly to reconsider their verdict. Let them ponder what follows.

Two or three years ago, a book, promulging notions upon spiritual life, was published in London by the Chancellor of a certain place across the Channel. It was a clever book, and, among other matter, broached a theory. *Our souls*, the Rev. Chancellor informed us, *consist of the essence, extract, or gas contained in the human body;* and that he might not be vague, he had made special application to a chemist, who "added some important observations of his own respecting the corpse after death." But we must decorate a great speculation with the ornamental words of its propounder.

"The gases into which the animal body is resolved by putrefaction are ammonia, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, cyanogen, and sulphuretted, phosphuretted, and carburetted hydrogen. The first and the two last-named gases are most abundant" We omit here some details as to the time a body takes in rotting. "From which it appears, that these noble elements and rich essences of humanity are too subtle and volatile to continue long with the corpse; but soon disengage themselves and escape from it. After which nothing remains but the foul refuse in the vat; the mere *caput mortuum* in the crucible; the vile dust and ashes of the tomb. Nor does inhumation, however deep in the ground, nor drowning in the lowest depths and darkest caverns of the fathomless abyss, prevent those subtle essences, rare attenuate spirits, or gases, from escaping; or chain down to dust those better, nobler elements of the human body. No bars can imprison them, no vessels detain them from their kindred element, confine them from their native home."

We are all of us familiar with the more noticeable of these 'essences' by smell, if not by name. Metaphysicians tell us that perceptions and ideas *will* follow in a train: perhaps that may account for the sudden recollection of an old-fashioned story—may the moderns pardon it. A young Cambridge student, airing his wisdom at a dinner-party, was ingenious upon the Theory of Winds. He was most eloquent concerning heat and cold; radiation, rarefaction; polar and equatorial currents; he had brought his peroration to a close, when he turned round upon a grave Professor of his College, saying, "And what, sir, do you believe to be the cause of wind?" The learned man replied, "Pea-soup, pea-soup!"—In the group of friends around a social soup-tureen, must we in future recognize

'The feast of reason and—the flow of soul'?

How gladly shall we fight the fight of life, hoping that, after death, we shall all meet in a world of sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases! And where do the Sanitary Reformers suppose that, after death, *their* gases will go—they who, in life, with asphalte and paving stones, would have restrained the souls of their own fathers from ascending into upper air?

Against us let there be no such reproach. Freely let us breathe into our bosoms some portion of the spirit of the dead. If we live near no churchyard, let us visit one—Mesmerically, it you please. Now we are on the way. We see narrow streets and many people; most of the faces that we meet are pale. Here is a walking funeral; we follow with it to the churchyard. A corner is turned, and there is another funeral to be perceived at no great distance in advance. Our walkers trot. The other party, finding itself almost overtaken, sets off with a decent run. Our party runs. There is a race for prior attention when they reach the ground. We become interested. We perceive that one undertaker wears gaiters, and the other straps. We trot behind them, betting with each other, you on Gaiters, I on straps. I win; a *Deus ex-machina* saves me, or I should have lost. An over-goaded ox rushes bewildered round a corner, charges and overthrows the foremost coffin; it is broken, and the body is exposed—its white shroud flaps upon the mud. This has occurred once, I know; and how much oftener I know not. So Gaiters pioneers his party to the nearest undertaker for repairs, and we follow the triumphant procession to the churchyard. The minister there meets it, holding his white handkerchief most closely to his nose; the mourners imitate him, sick and sorrowful. Your toe sticks in a bit of carrion as we pass near the grave, and seek the sexton. He is a pimpled man, who moralises much; but his morality is maudlin. He is drunk. He is accustomed to antagonise the 'spirits' of the dead with spirits from the Pig and Whistle. Here let the *scance* end.

At home again, let us remark upon a striking fact. Those poor creatures whom we saw in sorrow by the grave, believed that they were sowing flesh to immortality—and so they were. They did not know that they were also sowing coffee. By a trustworthy informant I am taught that of the old coffin-wood dug up out of the crowded churchyards, a large quantity that is not burned, is dried and ground; and that ground coffee is therewith adulterated in a wholesale manner. It communicates to cheap coffee a good color; and puts Body into it, there can be no doubt of that. It will be a severe blow to the trade in British coffees if intramural interment be forbidden. We shall be driven to depend upon the distant planters for what now can be produced in any quantity at home.

Remember the largeness of the interests involved. Within the last thirty years, a million and a half of corpses have been hidden under ground, in patches, here and there, among the streets of London. This pasturage we have enjoyed from our youth up, and it is threatened now to put us off our feed.

I say no more, for better arguments than these cannot be urged on behalf of the maintenance of City graveyards. Possibly these may not prevail.—Yet, never droop. Nevertheless, without despairing, take a house in the vicinity of such a garden of the dead. If our lawgivers should fear the becoming neighborly with Dante's Cordelier, and therefore absolutely interdict more burials in London, still you are safe. They shall not trample on the graves that are. We can agitate, and we will agitate, successfully against their asphalte. Let the City be mindful of its old renown, let Vestries rally round Sir Peter Laurie, and there may be yet secured to you, for seven years to come, an atmosphere which shall assist in making Home Unhealthy.

THE AFRICAN AMAZONS.

Our best friend in Africa is a certain King of Dahomey, who loves us so well that he will do anything for us but put an end to the slave trade in his dominions, unless upon the terms of our buying off his royal interest in the traffic by a subsidy of 8,000*l.* a year. A smaller offer was actually made to his Majesty without success, we suppose in the days when Mr. Stephen's influence was all-powerful. This King of Dahomey goes hunting for two or three months every year. The hounds for his chase are an army of more than 8,000 couples. We say couples, advisedly, for nearly a half, or full 8,000, are women! Upon this female force the King places the greatest reliance, and they constitute his Majesty's bodyguard. They are his best troops. They are trained to storm forts, which they do with extraordinary bravery and skill. They are very fine women, ranging in height from five feet eight to five feet nine and ten. Marriage is not permitted. It would have the proverbial effect of doing things by halves.

The King of Dahomey requested her Majesty to give him some war-caps for his slave-hunting Amazons; and to our astonishment we see it stated in evidence that the request was graciously granted, and that her Majesty sent the King 2,000 female war-caps. There must surely be some mistake about this; as it would, if true, involve a preposterous inconsistency. Our cruizers seize and make prize of any vessel with the slightest evidence of equipment for the slave trade; and it is credible that her Majesty can have been advised to furnish any article of equipment to the troops actually employed in hunting down and capturing the slaves in the inferior? One would be curious to know what the pattern of the cap could have been for the ladies enacting the part of the dogs of war. We know something of the sort of caps with which ladies design enslaving hearts, but what is the mode, the fashion of the thing for enslaving black bodies? How do they set their caps at men to make booty of their persons? What manner of cap does Bellona don when she sets about the foulest conquest, and enthrals in the cruelest iron fetteas?

At Timbuctoo, the body-guard wear cast-off lawyers' wigs. Are the King of Dahomey's ladies' war-caps of any such predatory symbol? Perhaps, after all, the caps were percussion caps, much more harmless than many of the pink-ribboned genus. Or perhaps, and most probably, there were no caps at all presented as alleged. We hope and believe it will so turn out. The statement, however, whether true or false, will be found in the evidence of Captain Winniett, R. N. ex-governor of Cape Coast Castle, in the last blue book of evidence on the African Slave Trade, taken by the Committee of the House of Lords.—*London Examiner.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A Miraculous Bill.—The following items are stated by a celebrated tourist, to have actually been presented in a bill of work done in beautifying and ornamenting the Lutheran Church, Hamburg: "For mending the ten commandments. For a nose and three fingers to one of the robbers on the cross. For scouring and brushing Pontius Pilate. For gilding and painting the wings of the angel Gabriel. For half a breast for Mary Magdalen. For cleansing the sky in the East, and adding sundry stars. For cleansing and painting the High Priest's maid, and adding color to her cheeks. For putting a new feather on the cockade of St. Peter. For brushing and brightening hell fire, and providing tails and horns for two devils. For beautifying and ornamenting some of the elders, and strengthening their backs on frames. For supplying one of the apostles."

—M. Napoleon Bonaparte, the cousin of the President of the Republic, has been an active supporter of Eugene Sue. The remonstrances of his father, Jerome Bonaparte, (who is at present on good terms with the President,) failed in inducing him to abstain from taking part in favor of the democratic candidate. From this it is evident that an *entente cordiale* does not yet reign in the Bonaparte-family.

—On Tuesday the 23rd instant, about the hour of noon, Mr. Wordsworth died at his house, Rydal Mount, near Ambleside. He was very well, and vigorous for his age, during the last autumn, and was in some degree recovering his spirits, which had suffered a severe shock in the death of his only daughter, some time ago. About a month since he was attacked with serious illness, from which he never more than partially rallied, and at last he died—so far as such a man can die—on Tuesday, at noon. He had lately completed his eighty-eighth year.

—Anecdote of Sheridan.—The circumstance of Sheridan's well-known duel having been misrepresented, he came to town, resolved to set the British public right; and as Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, was his friend, he resolved to do so through the channel of that paper. It was agreed between them that Sheridan, under a fictitious name, should write a history of the affair, as it had been misrepresented, and that he should subsequently reply to it in his own name, giving the facts of the case. The first part he accomplished, and there appeared in the *Chronicle* a bitter article against him, written, in fact, by himself; but he could never find time to write the answer, and it never was written:—"The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

—Cure for the Whooping Cough.—"I know," said one of my parishioners, "what would cure him, but m'appen you wouldent believe me." "What is it Mary?" I asked. "Why I did everything that every body told me. One teld me to got him breathed on by a piebald horse. I took him ever such a way, to a horse at ——, and put him under the horse's mouth; but he was no better. Then I was told to drag him backward through a bramble bush. I did so; but this didn't cure him. Last of all, I was told to give him nine fried mice, fasting in a morning, in this way:—three the first morning; then wait three mornings, and then give him three more; wait three mornings, and then give him three more. When he had eaten these nine fried mice he became quite well. This would be sure to cure your child, sir."—*Notes and Queries.*

—Death of Madame Tussaud.—Madame Tussaud, England's great wax-modeller, is no more! She now stands, herself, in the gallery of departed celebrities. She died on Tuesday morning, at her residence in Baker street, having reached her 91st year. The reader of her Reminiscences of the French Revolution is already familiar with her history. She was born at Berne, in Switzerland, and at the age of six years went to Paris, where she studied modelling under her uncle, M Curtius, artiste to Louis XVI. She was subsequently exposed to the horrors of the French Revolution during which she was employed in taking casts of the heads of the revolutionary leaders. She came to England in 1802, and has from that time till very recently been occupied in superintending the well known exhibiton in Baker-street. She has left a large family of children and grandchildren.—*London News.*

—This morning, May 1, at seventeen minutes after eight o'clock, the Queen was safely delivered of a Prince.

In the room with her Majesty were his Royal Highness Prince Albert, Dr. Locock, and Mrs. Lilly, the monthly nurse; and in the rooms adjoining were the other medical attendants, Sir James Clark and Dr. Ferguson, and the Ministers and Officers of State summoned on the occasion.

The Privy Councillors present were the Most Reverend Dr. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury; the Right Reverend Dr. Bloomfield, Bishop of London; the Duke of Wellington, Commander-in-Chief; Lord John Russell, First Lord of the Treasury; Sir George Grey, Secretary of State for the Home Department; the Marquess of Breadalbane, Lord Chamberlain; and the Duke of Norfolk, Master of the Horse.

Shortly before nine o'clock her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent arrived at the Palace.

At ten o'clock the Queen's physicians issued the following bulletin:

"Buckingham Palace, Wednesday, May 1, 1850, Ten o'clock, A. M.

"The Queen was safely delivered of a Prince at seventeen minutes after eight o'clock this morning.

"Her majesty and the infant Prince are well."

—The Countess Hahn-Hahn, the well-known authoress, has abjured the Protestant faith.

—It is stated that the celebrated diamond, the Koh-i-noo (mountain of light) is now in the possession of a distinguished officer on his way home from India. It is said the Queen has refused the diamond as a gift, not wishing to take so much from the army's prize money; but that it has been recommended to purchase it as a crown jewel.

—Anti-Slavery Address to the Queen.—We (*British Friend*) are requested to state, for the information of the friends and promoters of the Anti-Slavery Address to the Queen, from the Women of Great Britain, that the Petition, with 59,686 signatures has been presented.

The official acknowledgement has not yet been received; but there is reason to believe, from private information, that the Queen has manifested a strong interest in the subject.

—In a speech of M. Victor Hugo in the National Assembly, recently, on the law of transportation, he said, "In the days of February, to which history could offer no parallel—the voice of the people made itself heard; it demanded the abolition of capital punishment. Mouths black with biting catridges open to cry, 'Mercy.' It was a magnificent sight for France, for Europe, that! Those who deplored what was passing—those whose interests were most severely invaded—applauded the unanimity of that humane chorus, and agreed that revolutions had grand and fine moments, in which great ideas were proclaimed. By the force of ideas in a revolutionary time the punishment of death for political offences was abolished. The constituent assembly confirmed this idea; and in spite of all obstacles this first step will lead to the abolition of capital punishment."

—The